

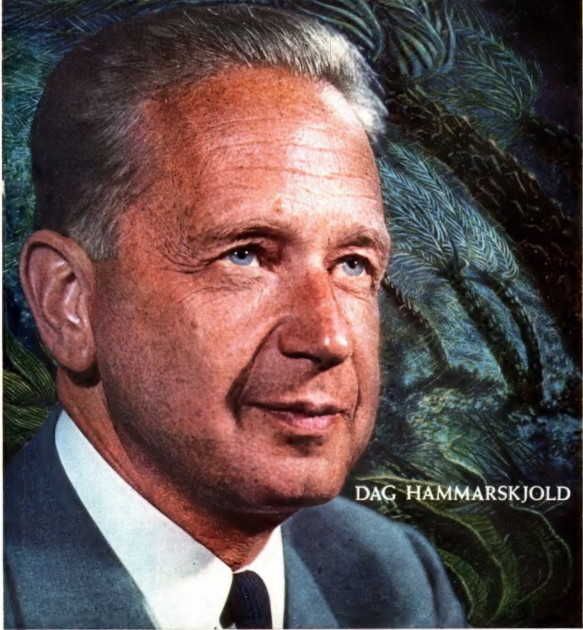
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 22, 1960

**THE U.N. & THE CONGO**  
*Out of Chaos a Legal Precedent*

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD

KAPLAN, OTTAWA—BERNARD LUTZON

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 8



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RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT (1) ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS AND EQUIPMENTS (2) AIR & MARINE NAVIGATION (3) COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS (4) MILITARY SPACE (5) PROTECTIVE (6) AUTOMATION SYSTEMS (7) COMPLETE FIELD SERVICES (8) SYSTEM MANAGEMENT

# LETTERS

## Politics & Pokes

Sir:  
If I were of voting age, I would cast my November ballot for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket because the election of a Catholic and a Southerner would be one of the greatest triumphs over bigotry in our history.

RAYMOND MCKAY

Alvin, Texas

Sir:  
As an afterthought on the proceedings of the Democratic Convention at Los Angeles, it occurs to me that the choice of Jack Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson as the Democratic team violates *Deuteronomy 22:10*, where it says: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." The wide divergence of these men in political policy militates against good teamwork.

ROY L. LAURIN

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:  
I could only take one day of the Republicans in Chicago.

Tell me, did they go ahead and nominate Mr. Lincoln?

PAT W. CRUZEN

Florence, Colo.

Sir:  
For some strange reason, since the early days of F.D.R., I have gone all out for the Democrats. However, the dignity of the Republican campaign party that I heard and saw over television made a Christian out of me—so here I go again voting Republican!

VIRGINIA C. SELIG

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:  
I am frankly tired of the "hero" role attributed to Mr. Nixon by overzealous Republicans because he "stood up to Khrushchev in the Kitchen." What red-blooded American would do otherwise?

I prefer the heroism of Kennedy's PT boat to that of Nixon's debate, if that is the ammunition expected to put Nixon across.

W. D. SMITH

Wichita, Kans.

Sir:  
Although I am a staunch Democrat, I congratulate the Republican Party on Mr. Nixon's running mate, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. (Miss) G. J. NEMECEK

Syracuse

Sir:  
If, as you say, the conservative spirit is "like Sleeping Beauty," it certainly is being awakened by this Senator Charming—Barry Goldwater. I'm sure we haven't come so far to the left that we can't see what's right. If conservative principles are out of date, then so is freedom itself.

JOAN WILKE

Chicago

## Target Practice

Sir:  
TIME scored an A on the report of C-Grade Archer Southgill from Connecticut.

Perhaps the committee of Manchester High should note the following suggestion: schools with college-level biology, college-level English and college-level American history ought to have college-level marking systems and, *if*, gym is either passed or failed and not given the prestige of being graded.

BARBARA TUNESKI

Key West, Fla.

Sir:  
As a physical-education teacher, I must comment that young girls who take no interest in gym will most likely grow to be slouching, tired, fat-without-foundation homemakers.

JOANNA B. LOVEJOY

St. Albans, W. Va.

Sir:  
As a student and lover of archery, I was concerned with Miss Southgill's shooting style. Miss Southgill should not have received even a C in archery; she should have flunked the course. I have met Charlene, and



BEFORE

AFTER

my club, the Hartford Archers of Hartford, Conn., gave her her first real lesson in archery. The photograph, taken after one lesson, shows the difference in form [*see cuts*]. After missing the target with the first arrow, she only missed the target once more during the entire lesson.

ALPHONSE A. MAJOR

Hartford, Conn.

## Learning in Summer

Sir:  
Your article on increasing summer school activities shows that many American children have the gumption to get more out of their spare time than a case of TV cystitis.

RICHARD SWERDLIN

Cincinnati

Sir:  
We are appalled at your misconception concerning the Yale-North Haven Summer School [which has a Yale teacher-training program]. True, it is an experience for students but, for the most part, not a worthwhile one. The influence of the master teacher is felt by the student only through the awkward efforts of the teachers-in-training, who, moreover, are often less acquainted with their subject than are their pupils.

JUNE CHAPLIN

Hamden, Conn.

Sir:  
Our new "Workshop in Learning," a private summer-enrichment program for junior high school pupils in the Greater Cleveland area, was extremely successful this summer. One comment overheard by a teacher: one student to another, "You know, while going with the teachers to field trips, I found out that they're just like real nice people."

ALLAN BELLIN

MURIEL ENTE

EDMUND PALLER

RICHARD PAULSON

ZORA RASHKIS

Instructors

Beachwood Village, Ohio

## W. H. Lawrence v. Lyndon Johnson

Sir:  
TIME owes me a full, complete retraction for its gratuitous, malicious attack upon my professional integrity in a footnote to a July 25 Press section account of reporting from the Democratic National Convention. You have falsely asserted that one of my stories was a sample of how "the press sometimes even appeared" to help push the Kennedy bandwagon along, and that specifically a story about proposed rules changes "was obviously made up out of whole cloth." That story described a tactic, later abandoned, whereby the anti-Kennedy forces considered a rules change to prevent delegations from changing their vote after the initial roll call of states. Although Senator Johnson denied any part in the rules-change fight, the proposal for a change had been announced openly at a news conference by Representative Charles Brown, representing Senator Stuart Symington; was not categorically denied as a future possibility by John Connally, representing Johnson; and had been reported as a possibility by Governor Herschel Loveless of Iowa as chairman of the Rules Committee. Thus, as any TIME reporter at the Los Angeles convention can tell you, my story was not "obviously made up out of whole cloth."

W. H. LAWRENCE

Hyannis, Mass.

TIME intends no attack on Reporter Lawrence's integrity, cites these facts: Lawrence wrote that the aim to change the rule was "announced by backers of" Lyndon Johnson. Senator Johnson next day said: "There's an old political custom that some candidates follow of planting untrue stories that will require their opponents to deny them. The Lawrence story quoting Johnson supporters as advocating a rule change is such an example. How false it was could have been revealed by a simple check of the Johnson manager, Speaker Rayburn or myself. This was not done. Subsequently we took the time to check with Governor Loveless and he confirmed the fact that no Johnson supporter ever discussed the matter with him. This seems to be a case of reporter fatigue."—Ed.

## Science v. Theology

Sir:  
According to Julian Huxley man has now become his own savior and has complete control of his own future. Man can now save his own self by "a comprehensive theory of evolution" and "his reliance on scientific method." However, if this be true, we should look at the world situation today and see the works of the scientific savior, who only studies man, who cannot love man because to love would destroy the validity of the "scientific method," and who, finally, can only point to, but not forgive, the sins of the world. Huxley's "savior" on scientific method of love and bliss, rather, an eternal life of pain and suffering. This god sends not his son but rather a ballistic missile.

(THE REV.) HARRY W. THOMPSON

St. John's Episcopal Church  
Morganfield, Ky.

Sir:  
Most scientists are conscientious, hard-working people, well aware that it's here that the diseases kill, it's here that the mal-

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**HERTZ** I always rent  
the cleanest car in town!"



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## TRIUMPH/Herald



## The car that you can all but park sideways...



The parking space in the picture is only 18 inches longer than the car. But the car is a new British TRIUMPH/Herald. So it will slide right in. It's the nimblest car on the road. Why?

The wheels turn farther. (45 degrees in each direction.) And this is only one innovation. The TRIUMPH has so many, experts say it's "3 full engineering years ahead." Here are 4 more of its many startling advances.

1. Most metal parts are lined with rubber or nylon. So the TRIUMPH never needs an ordinary grease job (most cars need one every 1,500 miles). Only 4 parts ever need greasing—and then only once every 6,000-12,000 miles.
2. Each wheel is independently suspended, and the car is stabilized by a torsion bar. So the TRIUMPH virtually cannot pitch, sway or roll over.
3. The body is made in 7 easily replaceable sections. A mechanic can remove a damaged section, restore it, and replace it—easily and economically.
4. The TRIUMPH/Herald goes over 70. Yet it delivers up to 40 miles per gallon. The TRIUMPH/Herald costs\* less than a "compact." But advanced engineering alone makes it worth much more. Drive it, today.

**TRIUMPH**

\*Sedan \$1849, Sports Coupe \$2149, Convertible \$2229. P.O.E. plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., Dept. TH-801, 1745 B'way, N. Y. 19.

formed babies are born, it's here where man needs to center his efforts and thoughts, and not on some nebulous utopia of an afterlife.

MRS. FLOYD ENGLISH JR.

Painted Post, N.Y.

Sir:

Thank you for your surprisingly unbiased account of the debate between Biologist Huxley and Theologian Mascall. That Huxley won the argument was not so much owing to his superior debating ability as it was to the fundamentally untenable position of his opponent, who, like many other bachelors of science, does not really understand the scientific method.

G. ALAN ROBINSON

New Orleans

Sir:

The truth of our religion is not empirical—if it were, we would in many cases have to admit its absurdity. Christianity is not a deductive system; it is the Word of grace spoken into the heart of man in his guilt and tragedy. It grasps the whole being of man, not just his logical faculties. Huxley's comparison of religion and science is like a comparison of music and cost accounting.

TIM SWANSON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

Whatever will the churches say when the biochemists successfully synthesize protoplasm?

LOIS HOOK

Corning, N.Y.

Sir:

I'll turn in my preaching parchment if Huxley and his biological associates can make one further advancement. Let them eradicate this thing we theologians call sin. If so, I'll return to the scientific campus or take up a janitorial job in a biological lab.

(THE REV.) H. LEROY STANTON

St. Paul's Methodist Church

Baytown, Texas

### Road to Survival

Sir:

Harvey R. Boyd's unsuccessful survival attempt as "Last Man on Earth" was not an experiment but what engineers call a destructive test.

A destructive test determines how soon the tested thing will break. An experiment simulates a possible situation. Boyd's situation was too far removed from reality, which made the attempt illogical and valueless.

In case of a bomb attack, a man burdened by his wife and three children is not suddenly transposed into the wilderness with a minimum of items in his possession and left to die or survive.

They should have let "Bud" Boyd and his family pick whatever they thought they needed, whatever they felt they could carry. Thus they could have set up house in the wilderness and played the survival game, rationing the food and sharpening the tools and their wits for the project of obtaining shelter and more food off the land.

PAUL C. BRUHL

Detroit

Sir:

Regardless of whether Harvey R. Boyd was a hero or a hoaxer, he and his family behaved on their campaign trip, not as though they were the last people on earth, but as if they were the only people on earth.

The abandoned campsite was left with the remains of many campfire meals—cans, eggshells and watermelon rinds.

I suggest that the Boyds should be fined \$50 for littering the land.

MOLLIE R. GONICK

Phoenix, Ariz.

## Air Force Contract

Sir:

Your Aug. 1 article "Brains for Sale," concerning an Air Force contract with IBM for a global communications-computer system, contains erroneous and misleading information. Your story stated that the contract is in the amount of \$40 million; Technical Operations Inc. "will teach IBM's computers how to solve the Air Force's vast logistic and strategic problems"; and the new Air Force contract is expected to add \$8,000,000 or more to Technical Operations Inc. sales over the next three years.

The facts are these: The Air Force has awarded IBM a contract for \$500,000—not \$40 million—for analysis of a global information system. Further funding will depend upon Air Force review of the results of the study contract; the overall systems design responsibility is being executed by the IBM systems development department, Bethesda, Md. Technical Operations Inc. has not yet been given a formal sub-contract. The company has been authorized to proceed in systems studies under IBM's supervision, and work on aspects of the computer program. It is expected that Technical Operations proportion of the current study effort will be about \$90,000; further sub-contract funding for Technical Operations Inc. will depend upon results of the current study contract.

D. R. McKAY

Director of Communications  
International Business Machines Corp.  
New York City

## Accent on French

Sir:

So Mother Kennedy's French is not as nimble as other 70-year-old women from this country! "Potted too" is better than "not at all." Why can't you give her credit for knowing enough French to converse for a quarter-hour TV interview without panicking her French? How many Frenchmen say "potted too" in a quick conversation?

IRMA SCHROEDER

Venice, Calif.

According to 50 million Frenchmen:  
"Nevaire."—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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## The car that changed America's mind about sports cars...



Although the TRIUMPH TR-3 has probably won more awards in competition than any other car you can buy, today you will see more TR-3s taking people to and from their jobs (as above) and performing all kinds of other everyday tasks, than you will see in rallies and road races.

How come?

The TR-3 is designed to do certain things extremely well:

1. To be fast—it goes up to 110 miles per hour.
2. To handle well—it has quick-action steering, racing-type disc brakes, and a short-throw synchromesh gearbox with four forward speeds.
3. To stand up under hard driving—it has taken first-in-class in almost every major European rally in the past five years.
4. To be comfortable—it has individual bucket seats and plenty of leg room.
5. To be practical—it costs\* less than most "low-priced-three" convertibles. It gives up to 35 m.p.g. of gas. With optional rear seat it takes four passengers.

In short, the TR-3 is great for any kind of driving. See for yourself at your Triumph dealer. (He's in the Yellow Pages.)

**TRIUMPH**

\*Convertible—\$2675, Gran.L Touring—\$2835. POE, plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., Dept. T 80, 1745 Broadway, N. Y. 19.

# Allis-Chalmers pumping power and 5½-mile undersea pipeline now protect Los Angeles beaches



The citizens of Los Angeles can enjoy a refreshing dip in the cool Pacific waters that lap the city's beaches . . . protected from the danger of water pollution by a new multi-million-dollar project. Key equipment: Allis-Chalmers giant pumps and 2,500-horsepower electric motors. The pumps push 600 million gallons of treated waste water a day through a huge 12-ft diameter pipeline 5½ miles

out to sea. Contact with sea water, plus normal dilution, completely neutralizes the waste and eliminates pollution. On this important project, Allis-Chalmers also teamed up butterfly valves, switchgear, and electrical control . . . provided the same caliber of coordinated equipment engineering that is available to all communities, large or small. Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

**ALLIS-CHALMERS**



**POWER** FOR A GROWING WORLD

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Over

\* Britishese, originally cockney, for poking

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 "We are happy we chose Employers Mutuals of Wausau as the carrier of our workmen's compensation. We find they have a friendly and effective way of working with us and our people.

"Other reasons too: Because Employers Mutuals is a national company we can simplify records by taking care of our country-wide field offices and our plant at one time.

"Then there is the matter of savings—the dividend we can expect through Employers Mutuals' plan in promoting safe working practices.

"The picture lower right shows one way this works. At the left is George Babich, an Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer. Part of his work with us is as advisor to our employee safety committees. Shown here on a safety inspection tour are E. E. Ashenbrenner, manager of our Fabrication and Moulding Division; Norm Olson, Chairman of this safety committee; and Lois Addington, head nurse.

"They're good people, these Employers Mutuals' representatives. Good people to know, good people to do business with."

FOUND: "...AN INSURANCE COMPANY WITH OUR WAY OF WORKING"

# Wausau Story

at **TEKTRONIX, Incorporated**  
 Portland, Oregon

**T**HERE IS MUCH that is unique about Tektronix, Inc.—their products, plant, and philosophy.

The products developed and produced by this company are cathode-ray oscilloscopes. At the left, Mr. William B. Webber, a Tektronix Vice President, shows us some models of these electronic instruments. The Tektronix oscilloscope is recognized as a precision tool by scientists and engineers in such fields as atomic energy, medicine, radar and guided missiles. This tool provides "a picture of changing phenomena," accurately measuring voltage from hundreds of volts to less than a hundred thousandth of one volt and measuring time from minutes to a few billionths of a second.



The Tektronix plant is a group of attractive one and two story buildings, forming an industrial park in a pleasant Portland suburb. Each building is landscaped with flowering bushes and green lawns, an inviting place for outdoor lunches.

Tektronix people appreciate the philosophy that guides their way of working: "respect for the dignity of each individual." Here each person assumes responsibility, takes pride in a job well done. Typical is the work of Irene Sherrick in the Unit Wiring Department. Wiring and soldering a unit may take a few minutes or up to ten hours, depending on the complexity of the model. Today there are over 3000 employees.

★ ★ ★

**Why does a company choose one insurance company over another?** The reasons vary—even though all workmen's compensation policies are basically the same. The difference is in the interpretation. At Employers Mutuals we interpret policies not by the law alone but also by principles and beliefs on which our company was founded. That's the "Wausau way of working."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



**Employers Mutuals of Wausau**



"Good people to do business with"

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Beyond the Earth

At a time when political charge and countercharge revved the air waves, when a kind of national self-examination was going on, and when reports of declining U.S. prestige abroad could be politically magnified into charges that the U.S. had become a second-class power, a dazzling succession of achievements did much to restore U.S. pride last week. It was one of the space age's most eventful weeks so far, and what went on above the earth all but dwarfed the confusions and difficulties below. Within a span of 48 hours, U.S. spacemen:

Orbited Echo I, a thin-skinned, gas-filled balloon 100 ft. in diameter, pioneer of a future globe-girdling network of balloon satellites to be used to bounce communications signals from one continent to another (see SCIENCE).

Recovered an instrument-laden capsule, ejected on cue by an orbiting Discoverer satellite, as it dropped from space into the sea near Hawaii. This success brought the U.S. closer to its space ambition for 1961: to fire a man into orbit and bring him back alive.

These two events would have been plenty for a single week. But in the accumulat-

ing momentum of missilery, U.S. missilemen fired successful test shots of Atlas and Titan intercontinental ballistic missiles, got off a Polaris intermediate-range missile that traveled 1,100 miles, sent three Bomarc defensive missiles after fast-moving targets, and hit them (one Bomarc intercepted a supersonic Regulus II missile). And, only one week after an X-15 plane set a new speed record for piloted aircraft, the same X-15 climbed to an altitude of more than 131,000 ft., higher than any plane had ever soared before.

These feats in the sky went far to dispel any lingering fears that the U.S. lags behind the U.S.S.R. in space or missile technology. But quite apart from their cold-war significance, the technological feats added up to a splendid week for science, which transcends national boundaries, and for the boldness of the human spirit, which now transcends even the limits of the earth.

#### Campaigns & Crises

Just in case anybody got the wrong ideas, Secretary of State Christian A. Herter last week explained the curiosities of U.S. politics to the rest of the world. "An illusion is current in some quarters abroad," said Herter, "that in foreign policy the U.S. becomes paralyzed or semiparalyzed during a presidential election period. It is well that our friends and our opponents should fully realize that nothing could be further from the truth." He cited past occasions on which the U.S. has not hesitated to act during a presidential campaign: the 50-destroyers-to-Britain deal in 1940; the Berlin airlift in 1948; the U.S. intervention against friends Britain, France and Israel in the Suez invasion of 1956. Concluded Herter: "Let no one mistake for a sign of weakness and seek to profit therefrom what is instead a sign of strength—that we Americans, as citizens of a free country, can unhesitatingly and openly debate our policies so as to arrive at the best political decisions for our nation."

### THE CONGRESS

#### The Summer Sound of Politics

Queued up six or eight abreast at entrances to the visitors' galleries, crowds jammed into the Capitol to witness U.S. history's first confrontation of two presidential nominees on the Senate floor. Veteran Washington correspondents had never seen such throngs in the Capitol. Spectators came early and stayed late,

squealed in the corridors at the sight of handsome Jack Kennedy, tittered in the galleries whenever Kennedy addressed Richard Nixon, in the presiding officer's chair, as "Mr. President."

"I Think It Is Tragic." The gallery crowds had come to see Kennedy and Nixon thrust and parry, but neither did much battling that eye or ear could detect from the galleries. Kennedy left it up to Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson—operating tirelessly in his familiar arena with his old verve—to lead the Democratic troops on the floor. Nixon, as Senate president was barred by tradition from speaking out, or even moving onto the floor. The chief Republican battler was Dwight Eisenhower, showing a combativeness that he had rarely displayed during his long struggle with Democratic majorities in Congress. He got the session off to a fighting start with a first-blow message calling upon Congress to break the "legislative log jam" and enact 21 measures that he had been calling for since last spring (see box).

In rebuttal, Majority Leader Johnson, long accused of being too easy on the Eisenhower Administration, showed an unaccustomed, election-year militancy. "I think it is rather tragic," he said, "that in the twilight of his career, the President

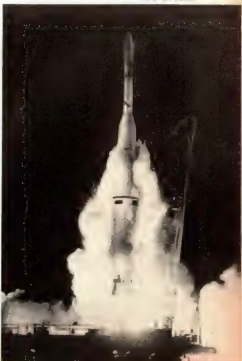
DISCOVERER XIII

G.P.



ECHO I

A.P. Wirephoto





KENNEDY WITH JOHNSON & WASHINGTON'S SENATOR HENRY M. JACKSON  
Squeals in the corridors and needles in the arena.

upon his return from Newport, should set out all the items that are embraced within the Democratic platform. I wish he had exercised the same kind of leadership during the past seven years."

"I freely confess," Republicans got in the first telling thrust. After huddling with Nixon, Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen proposed a bill to restore what Ike's message had called the "two major deletions" in the civil rights bill that Congress passed last April: extra federal money for states, localities and school districts working toward desegregation, and a permanent commission to combat discrimination in hiring by Government contractors. When Democrats accusingly pointed out that Dirksen had voted against both proposals last spring, he oracularly confided: "I freely confess my sins of omission and commission."

Lyndon Johnson rumbled against Dirksen's "sneak play"—and pulled off one of his own. He got Pennsylvania's Joseph Clark, ardent champion of civil rights, to offer a motion to "table" the bill—a congressional euphemism for kill. Cried Clark: "I believe I can recognize the hand of politics . . . I do not believe civil rights ought to stand in the way of the prompt enactment of proposed legislation which is on the calendar and ready for action." The vote was strictly party-line, and the Democratic majority tabled civil rights by a lopsided 54 to 28.

Then it was the Democrats' turn. Jack Kennedy, first presidential candidate to address the Senate since Henry Clay (1832), rose from his back row seat, submitted a bill to increase the minimum wage from \$1 to \$1.25 in three stages (to \$1.15 next January, \$1.20 in 1962, \$1.25 in 1963). Arizona's Barry Goldwater, enjoying his new reputation as semi-official spokesman for the right wing, spoke against the Kennedy bill for four hours. "This is a great bureaucratic plum,"

he intoned. "I can see them now. Thousands of bureaucrats down there licking their chops, ready to crack business over the head." Ohio Democrat Stephen M. Young got so carried away during the debate that he referred to the Democratic platform promise to "raise the minimum wage to \$1.25 an hour." The Democratic whip, Mike Mansfield of Montana, interrupted to correct: "We Democrats are liberal, but not that liberal."

"The Leader's Leader." Too outnumbered in the Senate (by 34 to 66) to have much control over legislation, the Republicans concentrated their efforts on trying to score political points and to keep the Democrats from scoring any. Minority Leader Dirksen, huddling frequently with Nixon, laid plans to tack Republican riders onto Democratic bills and to keep harassing the Democrats with civil rights proposals. With Nixon's blessing, G.O.P. leaders rallied a "shock troop" of eight Senators, made sure that at least two of them were on the floor at all times to needle, stall and rebut the Democrats. "Our purpose is to implement the President's program and keep the Democrats' feet to the fire," said Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott, captain of the troop.\* Scott, an acid sort of fellow, got to calling Kennedy "the majority leader's leader."

So far, the Republicans seemed to be ahead on points. The Democrats could table but they could not bury the civil rights issue, and the Republicans hoped thereby to cost them a significant segment of the Negro vote in November. The Democrats would have their chance on medical aid for the aged and on federal aid for schools and housing. A decent bill or two might get through, but winning votes in November was mainly what all the orating and scheming in Congress last week was about.

\* The others: New York's Kenneth Keating, Hawaii's Hiram Fong, Nebraska's Roman Hruska, Delaware's John J. Williams, Connecticut's Prescott Bush, New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, South Dakota's Francis Case none of them running for reelection in 1960.

## WHAT CONGRESS IS UP TO

**A** LONG with all of its politicking, is Congress going to do any real law-making? Nowhere near as much as the partisan demands might indicate. The Republicans are trying to embarrass the Democrats on civil rights, but expect no new legislation to be passed. The Democrats accuse the Administration of neglecting national defense, but are not planning any major increases in defense appropriations. The Democrats are set to ignore several of the measures that the President called for in his message to Congress, including a new farm bill, increases in postal rates, authorization of 40 new federal judgeships, liberalization of immigration laws, abolition of the interest-rate ceiling on long-term Treasury bonds.

What the Democrats do expect to get enacted is their short list of five "must" bills:

**Foreign Aid.** The President originally asked for \$4.2 billion. The House appropriated \$3.6 billion. The Senate will probably restore most of the cut.

**Minimum Wage.** The House has passed a bill increasing the minimum from \$1 an hour to \$1.15. Senate

Democrats, led by John Kennedy, happy with a poor man's issue, want to boost it to \$1.25 and extend coverage to an additional 7,000,000 workers, though conservatives in both parties disapprove. A \$1.25-an-hour bill is expected to pass the Senate this week.

**Aid to Education.** Both houses have passed billion-dollar-plus bills, but the House version is bottled up by the Rules Committee, chaired by Virginia's crusty Howard Smith. Expected outcome: \$1.3 billion aid for school construction, but no federal subsidies for teachers' salaries.

**Housing.** The Senate has passed a \$1.2 billion omnibus bill. A similar House bill is blocked by the Rules Committee. The President wants a "moderate" bill.

**Medical Insurance for the Aged.** House passed an Administration-backed "Medicare" bill for voluntary health insurance subsidized by limited matching federal-state grants. Senate Democratic liberals want a compulsory plan financed by an increase in social security levies. If the Democratic bill looks too costly, Ike may veto.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### "Don't You Fellows Forget"

After a sunny, month-long golf vacation in Newport, R.I., Dwight Eisenhower returned to Washington in a down-to-business, where's-everybody-else-been mood. To Republican congressional leaders gathered at the White House, he made it bouncily clear that he intends to push hard for his own program and fight hard against unwelcome Democratic programs. "Dammit," he said, "don't you fellows forget that I'm going to be around for quite some time yet."

He was in a combat-ready mood, too, at his first press conference in four weeks, firmly off his answers on a lot of subjects. Said Ike:

**The Republican Ticket:** "I think the Nixon-Lodge ticket is going to do well." He would do "whatever I can" to help them win, but he indicated that he thought they did not need much help. "These two fellows can take care of themselves pretty well."

**Nixon:** "I don't see how the Vice President could be more closely drawn into the consultative process than he has been in the past." But executive decision-making is still "my responsibility, and will be until noon on Jan. 20."

**Khrushchev:** His talk of heading up the Soviet delegation at the U.N. disarmament debates come September is "obviously a propaganda thing."

**Nuclear Tests:** The Geneva test-ban conference has been "very disappointing." If the talks make no progress, "then we have to take care of ourselves," meaning that the U.S. might resume underground nuclear tests.

**Agriculture:** Secretary Ezra Taft Benson (whom Richard Nixon regards as a heavy political burden) has been "forthright and courageous in trying to get enacted into legislation plans and programs that I think are correct." For Ike to regret having kept Benson on the job "would be almost a betrayal of my own views."

**The Economy:** "All in all, while you do not see a picture of a burgeoning economy at this particular period, you certainly don't see any signs that anyone can call a recession or depression."<sup>6</sup>

**Politics & Congress:** "All this talk about me starting a bunch of new programs is just a little bit silly." He was "just asking for what I have always believed." And "all this talk about Congress having to take weeks and months to get simple actions carried out and accomplished is a little bit silly," too. If the Democrats really wanted to "enact a constructive program, it could be done very quickly, because they've got a 2-10-1 majority in both houses."

<sup>6</sup> The President's optimism drew an edgy report from United Steelworkers' President Dave McDonald. "I would say," said McDonald, "that the President is being ill-advised. With 135,000 members of our union unemployed and 300,000 more working part-time, there is the possibility of a real recession developing in our country"—and even a "full-blown depression" by January.

## DEFENSE

### Ike Retreats

When President Eisenhower submitted his record \$41 billion defense budget to the Congress last January, he set his military jaw and let it be known that he would authorize no more spending than that for defense. That resolution lasted until last week.

Events abroad helped change his mind: the capture of U-2 Pilot Gary Powers, the increasing Soviet truculence. But so did election-year political pressures at home: if there was one thing all candidates and platforms agreed upon, it was the need to spend more on defense. Eisenhower gave in.

The new plans—first sketched out in Ike's message to Congress and detailed

man Nathan Twining<sup>6</sup> returned from the aborted summit meeting in Paris to suggest that the U.S. ought to re-examine its defense setup and increase its "readiness." Just before the Republican Convention, Richard Nixon got together with Nelson Rockefeller in the meeting that produced the "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" (TIME cover, Aug. 1), with its call for "new efforts" in national defense.

The wording of the G.O.P. platform's defense plank—a compromise between the Treaty of Fifth Avenue and Ike's insistence that U.S. defenses are more than adequate—gave the President a dignified exit: the plank gently recognized a need for new looks at defense programs, citing "swift technological change" and new "warning signs of Soviet aggressiveness" as the reasons.

Even so, the retreat left Ike explosively



EISENHOWER WITH NIXON & REPUBLICAN SENATORS  
Firm answers and the promise of a fight.

UPI

later on by Defense Secretary Thomas Gates—called for spending about \$476 million more, \$150 million of it in fiscal 1961 (ending next June 30). The money will be distributed among a variety of projects: developing the B-70 super-bomber, modernizing Army equipment, building more Polaris submarines and missiles, increasing airlift capability, expanding the Strategic Air Command airborne alert, and speeding up development of the spy-satellite Samos. They are all expensive items, and the extra money will not go far among them.

Ike's running quarrel with the Democrats over defense spending first took off last June. Congress revised the defense budget, adding here, subtracting there, wound up authorizing \$1.2 billion more for defense than the President had asked for. He announced that he had no intention of spending any of the extra money. But then the pressures began inside his own Administration. Defense Secretary Gates and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chair-

man Nathan Twining<sup>6</sup> returned from the aborted summit meeting in Paris to suggest that the U.S. ought to re-examine its defense setup and increase its "readiness." Just before the Republican Convention, Richard Nixon got together with Nelson Rockefeller in the meeting that produced the "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" (TIME cover, Aug. 1), with its call for "new efforts" in national defense.

<sup>6</sup> Now serving his second term as JCS chairman (he stayed on at Ike's behest), Air Force General Nate Twining, 62, will retire before his term expires next August, the White House announced last week. Twining underwent surgery for lung cancer last year and for a ruptured appendix in February. Likely successor: Army Chief of Staff Lyman L. Lemnitzer (TIME cover, May 11, 1959).

<sup>7</sup> From left: Illinois' Everett Dirksen, California's Thomas Kuchel, Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, Kentucky's Thruston Morton, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges.

## POLITICS

### The Great Guessing Game

Next to trying to figure out whether Kennedy or Nixon will win in November, Washington's most intriguing political preoccupation is trying to guess who would people the winning Cabinet. Neither candidate is about to confide his list yet, even if he had one waiting in his inside coat-pocket. Nor is he about to make premature promises, when uncertainty makes all potential Cabinet members campaign hard for the candidate. Sideline guessers can claim no inside dope. But here are some of their choices.

#### NIXON

Most agree that Richard Nixon would pick some of his Cabinet members from the present Eisenhower Cabinet. His known favorites: Attorney General William P. Rogers, Nixon's closest friend and ally in the Government; Interior Secretary Fred Seaton and Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell, who have sided with Nixon in intra-Administration policy disagreements; and Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson. Nixon also has high regard for Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon and Under Secretary of the Treasury Fred Scribner Jr.

Mentioned most often by the guessers: SECRETARY OF STATE: Dillon; New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller or ex-Governor Thomas E. Dewey; G.O.P. Keynoteur Walter Judd of Minnesota.

TREASURY: Anderson or Scribner.

DEFENSE: Anderson, Rockefeller, or Michigan's Congressman Gerald Ford Jr. ATTORNEY GENERAL: Rogers or Pennsylvania's Congressman Hugh Scott, onetime G.O.P. national chairman.

POSTMASTER GENERAL: Leonard W. Hall, another former national chairman and a top Nixon political adviser.

INTERIOR: Oregon's Mark Hatfield or West Virginia's Cecil Underwood, both youthful G.O.P. Governors.

AGRICULTURE: Seaton.

COMMERCE: Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, G.O.P. national chairman.

LABOR: Mitchell.

HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE: Businessman Charles H. Percy, chairman of the convention's Platform Committee.

#### KENNEDY

The word from Hyannisport is that John F. Kennedy would reach far afield for Cabinet choices, and any attempt to predict his Cabinet is futile. This did not stop these guessers:

STATE: Congressman Chester Bowles of Connecticut, who added to the gossip by announcing last week that he would not run for re-election to Congress but would campaign for Kennedy instead; Arkansas' Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; or one of two former U.S. Ambassadors to Russia—Averell Harriman or George Kennan. Adlai Stevenson is now being mentioned more often as Ambassador to the U.N., although his old friend Eleanor Roosevelt, who still wants him to be Secretary of State, last week said that "his qualifications are not



Dwelling—New York Herald Tribune Inc.  
"WHO'D LIKE TO BE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE?"

those needed at the moment in the U.N."

TREASURY: Nobody has any real ideas.

DEFENSE: Missouri's Stuart Symington or Washington's Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, both Senate defense specialists.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Connecticut's Governor Abraham Ribicoff, Kennedy campaign strategist; or Denver Attorney Byron ("Whizzer") White, national chairman of Citizens for Kennedy.

POSTMASTER GENERAL: Connecticut's Democratic state chairman, John Bailey.

AGRICULTURE: Iowa's Governor Herschel Loveless, Minnesota's Governor Orville Freeman and Wisconsin's Governor Gaylord Nelson, all of whom had hoped to be tapped for Vice President; also Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey.

COMMERCE: North Carolina's Governor Luther Hodges.



GRAIN EXPERT COREY  
Doing what comes naturally.

LABOR: Congresswoman Edith Green, state chairman for Kennedy's Oregon forces; New Jersey's Congressman Frank Thompson Jr., nationwide chairman of Kennedy's voter-registration drive.

HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE: Governor G. Mennen ("Soupy") Williams of Michigan.

## AGRICULTURE

### Headache Harvest

Any other country might consider itself blessed to hear what the Department of Agriculture told the U.S. last week: "Gains in yield prospects give promise of making 1960 the nation's biggest crop year." In the U.S., the news produced a shudder.

Nature's good tidings meant bad news for a lot of people: for farmers whose crops will be in oversupply, for the taxpayers who have to pay for costly federal programs to cope with farm surpluses, for harried Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson and for his successor in the next Administration.

On the basis of the new crop reports, the next Secretary of Agriculture would have to abandon Benson's assumption that lower federal price supports automatically lead to smaller crops and thereby get rid of gluts. When Congress last Benson test that assumption on corn last year—trimming the support price and abolishing the acreage controls—farmers expanded corn acreage by 15%. They harvested the biggest, most glutting corn crop in U.S. history. Farmers have again put just as much acreage into corn, and another corn glut is in prospect.

Benson's successor will also have to drop the old assumption that the years of lean harvests come along and reduce the burdensome surpluses piled up in bountiful crop years. By old-fashioned norms, 1960's wet spring, instead of leading to record harvests, should have brought on poor crops, by interfering with farmers' spring sowing, but modern farm mechanization makes it possible for farmers to get their sowing done fast, during brief letups in the weather. Now a wet spring, storing up ground moisture for summer, brings bigger crops—and bigger headaches for the Secretary of Agriculture.

### A Deal in Wheat

It was a proud moment in the life of moonfaced Earl C. Corey when he was summoned to Washington in May 1959 to receive the Department of Agriculture's Superior Service Award. Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson himself pinned a silver medal on Corey's lapel, cited his "significant contributions to agriculture through his fine relationships with producing, warehousing and merchandising groups."

Corey's relationships had indeed been good. While doing his part in trying to cope with grain surpluses as head of the Agriculture Department's Commodity Stabilization Service in Portland, Ore., he was also storing the stuff as a silent partner in a commercial grain warehouse.

Back in 1956, Corey and two friends had put up \$30,000 each to lease an old lumber warehouse near Portland and fit it up for storing grain. In three years the partners harvested profits of \$83,000 apiece. Last week, too sick from bleeding ulcers to be present in the courtroom, Corey was convicted by a federal jury in Portland of violating conflict-of-interest laws.

The Corey scandal was only a pitchforkful beside the mountainous scandal of the U.S. farm surplus program, which encourages people to take advantage of it. "The sad part of the whole thing," commented an Oregon agricultural expert last week, "is that all Corey was doing was what the rest of the grain trade is doing legally. It's obvious that there's something wrong when three men can rent a warehouse and make \$83,000 apiece in three years by storing Government grain."

## DEMOCRATS

### You're All Right, Jack

Ex-President Harry Truman sat out the Democratic Convention in Independence, Mo., having proclaimed it a "pre-arranged affair," rigged in favor of John F. Kennedy. What's more, said the 76-year-old Truman, Kennedy was not ready for the job yet. But Old Politician Truman knows when it is time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.

After a soothing visit from Connecticut's Governor Abraham Ribicoff, one of John F. Kennedy's top political envoys, Truman last week announced that he would campaign for Kennedy this autumn, and "tell the truth about things as I see them." "Was he planning to do the kind of whistle-stop campaigning he did in 1948? No," said Harry Truman, he was "too old for that." Did his decision to campaign for Kennedy mean that Jack was ready after all? Said Truman: "The Democratic Convention decided that."

## THE COLD WAR

### The U.S. on Trial

Aboard a British Comet airliner, the parents of U-2 Pilot Francis Powers landed at a Moscow airport one foggy morning last week, a few days before the start of his trial on charges of espionage. Oliver and Ida Powers were visibly tired, looked around at their new surroundings with wary eyes. "They are only poor country folk," the family doctor, Lewis K. Ingram of Norton, Va., confided to newsmen. "All this has been a terrible strain on them." Holding a press conference at his Russian hotel, Oliver Powers, tears in his eyes, read from a prepared statement: "I appeal to Mr. Khrushchev as one father to another for the sake of my boy. I understand that he lost a son in the war against Nazi Germany, fighting alongside the U.S. for the same cause." A few hours later Pilot Powers' wife Barbara landed in Moscow, accompanied by her mother, a physician and two family lawyers. Said Barbara: "The first thing I want to do is see my husband, and then Mr. Khrushchev."



OLIVER & IDA POWERS IN MOSCOW  
The cable said K. would help.

Attorneys of the Virginia Bar Association had mapped out a defense, even passed on their thoughts to Powers' court-assigned Russian counsel, without much hope that he would heed them. They argued that Powers was not really a spy; he had not been caught in espionage on Russian soil, but had merely been flying in the open skies at the command of his Government. Echoed Barbara Powers: "He should have been called a scout for our Government." It was a verbal distinction not likely to go far in a Russian court.

Signs were evident that the Russians were planning to put the U.S. on trial rather than Powers, using him as a pre-



BARBARA POWERS  
The distinction would not go far.

text for a propaganda spectacular. The Kremlin laid down a steady propaganda barrage designed to stir up anger and suspicion toward the U.S. among the Russian people (see FOREIGN NEWS). Said a Soviet radio broadcast: "Not only Powers, the immediate executor of the aggressive actions of the U.S. Government, will be in the dock, but his masters in Washington as well." Once the Russians get full propaganda use of him, Powers himself might get off with a light sentence. "Mr. Khrushchev," said Oliver Powers, "cabled me, promising to help me in this matter, and I am taking him at his word."

## PREJUDICE

### The Fake Oath

Passed from hand to hand under tables, slipped under doors, sent anonymously through the mails, an old and notorious piece of anti-Catholic propaganda turned up last week in scattered cities and towns, mostly in the South. Part of a spreading anti-Catholic campaign against Presidential Candidate John F. Kennedy, the document purports to be the oath of the Knights of Columbus, a 1,000,000-member fraternal order of Roman Catholic men (Kennedy is a member). Sample quote from one version of the fake oath: "I do further promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, wage relentless war secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Masons, as I am directed to do, to exterminate them from the face of the whole earth."

This fraud, like the bogus Protocols of the Elders of Zion used against the Jews, has been spread by bigots for almost half a century. It first turned up in a congressional election in 1912 in a lunatic-ringe tract mailed from Aurora, Mo. The following year, a congressional committee investigating unfair election practices condemned the oath as a fabrication. At that time, the false oath was read into the *Congressional Record*, a fact that present-day bigots cite to lend it an air of authenticity. Ku Klux Klanners circulated it against Al Smith in 1928. It turned up again last spring during the West Virginia primary battle between Jack Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey. A scattering of clergymen have recently quoted it in sermons, and it has been printed in newsletters of Southern Baptist churches in Rainelle, W. Va., Phoenix, Ariz., Greensboro, N.C. and Knoxville, Tenn. One

Full text of the actual "obligation" taken by members of the Knights of Columbus' top Fourth Degree: "I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and a Knight of Columbus, fully to enlighten myself upon my duties as a citizen and conscientiously perform them entirely in the interest of my country, regardless of all personal consequences. I pledge myself to do all in my power to preserve the integrity and purity of the ballot and to promote respect for law and order. I promise to practice my religion consistently and faithfully, and to so conduct myself in public affairs and in the exercise of public virtue as to reflect nothing but credit upon our Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish and our country prosper to the greater honor and glory of God."

9 G.O.P. National Chairman Thurston Morton promptly reactivated the so-called Republican "truth squad" that followed Truman's trail in the 1956 campaign, rebutting his attacks.



clergyman of the Nazarene Baptist Church, W. L. King who quoted the oath and refused to retract when its fraud was pointed out to him, last week was charged with criminal libel in the magistrate's court at West View, Pa.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Peace in the Antarctic

Antarctica may be a frozen, windswept wasteland, but last week it became the first piece of territory which the U.S. and Russia agreed to make a military and nuclear no man's land.

Not much in the public eye until Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expeditions in the 1930s, Antarctica soon aroused that old flag-planting urge among several nations. The 1957-58 International Geophysical Year brought a temporary thaw in Antarctic rivalries. Scientists from twelve nations—the U.S., Russia, Britain, France, Belgium, Norway, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, Chile—worked together in a broad and coordinated program of Antarctic research. In May 1958, President Eisenhower invited them all to Washington to discuss a continuing joint policy for Antarctica. This, he argued, "could have the additional advantage of preventing unnecessary and undesirable political rivalries in that continent, the uneconomic expenditure of funds to defend individual national interests, and the recurrent possibility of international misunderstanding." After an amicable seven-week conference, all twelve nations signed an Antarctic treaty, and last week the U.S. Senate ratified it.

"Dismal Conclusion?" Recognizing that "it is in the interest of all mankind that Antarctica shall continue forever to be used exclusively for peaceful purposes and shall not become the scene or object of international discord," the 34-year treaty

forbids any military use of Antarctica or any nuclear explosions there. To make sure no nation cheats, each signatory has the right of unlimited inspection. Each nation may establish bases for research or exploration wherever it pleases in Antarctica, but it must suspend its territorial claims for the duration of the treaty. In the meantime, no other claims will be recognized. The nations agree to pool their facilities for the research that has continued in Antarctica ever since IGY: scientists at 33 stations study geology, weather, plant and animal life, and problems of human living under conditions of extreme cold.

Though the treaty was the U.S.'s idea, the Senate ratified it only after a prickly debate, and even then 21 Senators voted against it, so that it got a two-thirds majority with only eight votes to spare. Some Senators grumbled that the U.S. should not have allowed Russia, an Ivan-comelately with no valid claim in Antarctica, to be a partner in the treaty. "It amounts to putting the free world and the slave world on the same footing," complained Connecticut's Thomas Dodd. Thundered Georgia's Richard Russell, recalling the exploits of the late Explorer Byrd (brother of Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd): "This treaty would certainly be a dismal conclusion to one of the brightest and proudest chapters of American history."

**Zone of Peace.** Despite such rumblings, the U.S. gave up very little. The U.S. has never formally claimed any part of Antarctica, nor has it formally recognized any other nation's claim. The treaty presumably removes Antarctica from the cold war, creates a zone of peace in the world. Pleased with Russia's cooperation in drafting the treaty, the State Department hopes to set a precedent for inspected arms control in less remote parts of the earth and in outer space as well.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

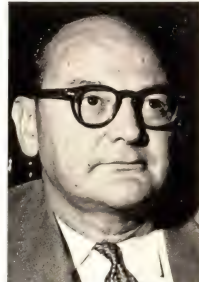
### New Job for Old Hand

The man Henry Cabot Lodge chose as his U.N. deputy seven years ago was someone he had known since boyhood: James J. (for Jeremiah) Wadsworth. This week, as Lodge got set to hit the campaign trail, James Wadsworth, 55, flew home from Geneva prepared to succeed Lodge at the U.N. for the remaining five months of the Eisenhower Administration.

For the past two years, hefty James Wadsworth (6 ft. 4 in., 225 lbs.) has been the U.S.'s amiable, patient No. 1 negotiator in the dragged-out test-ban negotiations with Russia. Men in the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission who are dubious of the possibility or the value of such an agreement have sometimes carped at Wadsworth for working too hard at it. But such carping are not likely to interfere with Wadsworth's Senate confirmation as U.N. delegate. Republicans are eager to have him take over at the U.N. so that Lodge can get on to politicking. And on the Democratic side, Wadsworth has a champion in Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, who is married to Wadsworth's sister Eve.

Like Cabot Lodge's, James Wadsworth's name goes back in U.S. history. His great-great-uncle Jeremiah Wadsworth was George Washington's commissary general. Great Grandfather James Wadsworth commanded a division in the Civil War. Maternal Grandfather John Hay was private secretary to Lincoln and McKinley's Secretary of State. Wadsworth's father James served two terms as a U.S. Senator from New York, plus 18 years as a Congressman, co-authored the 1940 peacetime draft law.

Jerry Wadsworth played fullback at Yale ('27), as an upstate New Yorker served ten years in the state legislature. He moved to Washington in 1945, held a



JAMES J. WADSWORTH  
The melody lingers on.

Associated Press

variety of executive posts (e.g., E.C.A. Civil Defense) before joining Lodge. At the U.N., affable James Wadsworth was in steady demand at parties to strum his guitar and sing rich-baritone folk songs. Often he included a personal favorite, *Stormy Weather*, which he now, after two years of negotiating with the Russians, wryly calls "my disarmament song."

## MODERN TIMES

### They're Gaining on Us

IBM announced last week that it has built a data transmission unit that enables two electronic brains to "talk" to each other by telephone. They never waste a minute in idle gossip, but go on doing their other figuring while exchanging information.

## THE LAW

### Justice Postponed

*For who would bear the whips and  
scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's  
delay . . . ?*

Bouncing among the other political foot-halls on Capitol Hill last week was a request from President Eisenhower to create 40 additional federal judgeships. Because he thought the need urgent, Ike offered to split appointments evenly between parties. In no such hurry, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson answered that there was no time in so short a session to select and confirm new judges. "Most regrettable," rumbled Attorney General William P. Rogers. Johnson, he charged, was ignoring "thousands of Americans who are denied justice because of delay."

An old legal maxim holds that "justice delayed is justice denied." If that is true, then plenty of Americans are denied justice. The Bill of Rights guarantees the defendant a "speedy" trial in criminal prosecutions, but in civil cases the wheels of justice may turn with agonizing slowness. Largely because of an upsurge in personal-injury suits during the postwar years, the average elapsed time between the filing of a federal civil suit and disposition of the case has increased from nine months in 1945 to 15 months now. In many state and local courts, justice is even slower. On the average, a civil suit drags on for 34 months in Pittsburgh, 61 months in New York's suburban Nassau County, a heart-breaking 70 months in Chicago.

Delays occur in part because the U.S. court system, in a time of increasing U.S. population, is short in manpower, in part because legal techniques have not kept pace, in part because of the population's increased proclivity for injuring itself, for infringing on neighbor's rights, and for going to court. To overcome the delays, tradition-minded jurists are gingerly trying new techniques. These include longer court days, sessions during summer (when the courts are ordinarily recessed), and giving priority to nonjury trials in order

to encourage litigants to choose these speedier hearings. Even so, the legal profession fears that overworked judges mean underdone decisions. Or, as the New York City Bar Association puts it more politely: "When the case load on the individual judge becomes too heavy, not only does court congestion occur, but the quality of the justice which is dispensed must ultimately be adversely affected." One obvious solution for both federal and state courts: more judges.

### More Harm Than Good?

Adulterers in Connecticut run a risk of five-year jail terms, but in Kentucky can incur no heavier legal penalty than a \$50 fine. Nevada does not even consider adultery a crime. Because of such disparities and contradictions, Manhattan Lawyer Morris Ploscowe, expert on U.S. criminal codes and a former New York City magistrate, argues for a major overhaul of U.S.

Besides these disparities among state laws, Ploscowe is bothered by the gulf between the laws and what he thinks are the prevailing U.S. patterns of sexual behavior as shown by Kinsey-type reports. "Sex offense legislation presently on the books," says Ploscowe, "is largely unenforceable, and much of this legislation does a great deal more harm than good. Few branches of the law have shown such a wide divergence between actual human behavior and stated legal norms."

## RACES

### Segregation After Death

A casket had just been lowered into a freshly dug grave at White Chapel Memorial Cemetery in suburban Detroit one day last week when a cemetery official hurried up to the graveside. "This burial must stop!" he cried.

The trouble was that the dead man, a



GEORGE NASH'S COFFIN & MOURNERS  
[His burial must stop:]

sex laws in the current Duke University law review. Says he: "American men and women are continually upon the move. They should not be exposed to the risk of being branded felons in one state for sexual behavior that may be legally innocuous in another." Examples of state-to-state variations:

¶ The age of consent, generally set at 16 to 18 years, ranges from 12 in Alabama to 21 in Tennessee.

¶ Homosexual acts between consenting adults are misdemeanors in New York, but in Nevada and Michigan they are felonies punishable by life imprisonment.

¶ In North Carolina, promiscuity of an underage female can be a defense against a rape charge, but in Missouri a rape conviction is possible even when the woman involved is a professional prostitute.

¶ Fornication is not a crime in South Dakota, Vermont or Washington, but in Arizona carries a three-year prison sentence.

George Vincent Nash, was an Indian, and White Chapel is "restricted to members of the Caucasian race." White Chapel officials insisted on sticking to the letter of the rule, even though Nash's wife, only part Indian, had been buried in the adjoining lot back in 1949. Sniffed E. Reed Hunt, president of a cemetery association that includes White Chapel: "If we made an exception in this case, some 10,000 plot owners would be able to take action against the cemetery because they paid for the restriction."

After several other Detroit cemeteries refused Nash's body, the American Legion took responsibility for him, as a veteran of World War I, and buried him at the Legion's Perry Mount cemetery with colorful honors. Legion officials promised Nash's children that their mother's remains would be removed from segregated White Chapel and reburied beside her husband at Perry Mount.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## UNITED NATIONS

### Quiet Man in a Hot Spot

(See Cover)

From the edge of the Elisabethville airport, black, handsome Moise Tshombe, president of the rebellious Congo province of Katanga, watched somberly as a white Convair circled slowly over his capital. At last the Elisabethville control tower gave the Convair permission to land but first warned that the seven troop-laden transports behind it must turn away. Back from the Convair crackled a curt message: Unless all eight planes were allowed to land, the entire flight would return

But as Katanga jeered and Belgians fretted, most of the rest of the world cheered. New York Times Reporter James Reston called Hammarskjöld "one of the great natural resources in the world today." A Netherlands editorialist saw him as a "supranational figure." Italy as "a world-famed arbitrator . . . who imposes his own will." Japan as "the bridge between the reality of the world situation and the ideal of world peace."

Behind most of these cheers lay the sense of relief expressed by a British diplomat who asked, "Can you imagine what the situation would be in the Congo now if it had not been for the U.N.?" and

creased U.N. authority over member nations suffering from internal convulsions.

**Eighty-Two Obligations.** The quiet man who has done all of this is a 55-year-old bachelor who was born in a lakeside castle in Sweden of a long line of aristocrats and intellectuals. Despite his asceticism (mountain climbing, cycling), slope-shouldered Dag Hammarskjöld has a mild and even frail appearance. He converses sedately in four languages (excellent Swedish, English and French, adequate German), and when he sees a listener has got his drift, will often finish up, "and so forth and so on."

But for all his apparent mildness, Hammarskjöld can operate with finality and sure-footedness. Soviet delegates realize that Hammarskjöld is by origin, instinct and inclination firmly of the West and passionately democratic, but they also know him as a man who strives for objectivity and takes seriously his obligation to each of the 82 U.N. states. Because Hammarskjöld does not give away secrets—his own or other people's—contending parties are often willing to tell him privately how much or how little they will settle for. The Communists frequently attack him; yet Russia and her satellites voted for his election as Secretary-General in 1953 and his re-election in 1957. His term has 2½ years to go, and Hammarskjöld is not afraid to put his prestige on the line. His unique quality is that he presses for greater authority without seeming to. If it is Britain's political gift to conceal major changes in substance behind continuity of form, it is this Swede's talent to act restrainedly in revolutionary ways.

**"Those Tribes."** In the Congo, Hammarskjöld's tenacity has been tested as never before. The nation that he seeks to save from chaos is not, according to many of its own citizens, a nation at all. In Katanga, despite reluctant submission to the U.N., Moise Tshombe last week was busy training his newly raised "army" and flying his homemade flag—sometimes upside down. (Asked one of Tshombe's new soldiers, just in from a bush village: "Tell me why the United Nations wants to come to Katanga? Do those tribes want to make us trouble?") In Manhattan, assorted Congolese "delegations" were earnestly pressing on anyone who would listen their claim that four of the Congo's six provinces should be given either total independence or home rule. In Léopoldville even the Congo's paunchy President Joseph Kasavubu—who nervously divides authority with Premier Patrice Lumumba—has argued that the Congo should abandon centralized rule in favor of a loose confederation that would grant near autonomy to his own political stronghold of Lower Congo.

Reluctantly returning to his capital—he has spent less than half his time there since he took office seven weeks ago—goated Premier Lumumba, who has been



Associated Press

KATANGA'S TSHOMBE & U.N. SECRETARY-GENERAL HAMMARSKJÖLD  
Out of the chaos, a Charter stretched into shapes undreamed of by its authors.

to Léopoldville. Toying with a tourist booklet entitled "Elisabethville Welcomes You," Tshombe (pronounced Chombay) hesitated briefly, then gave clearance to all the planes and stepped out onto the field to greet Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations.

As the slim, sandy-haired Hammarskjöld marched past a Katanga honor guard, a crowd of several hundred Belgians and Africans set up a cry of "Down with the United Nations." At the sight of the 240 Swedish troops,\* the U.N. advance guard who, Dag said, were under "my exclusive, personal authority," the crowd jeered again.

\* It has been 146 years since Swedish troops last went into battle in the nearly bloodless 1814 war with Norway. A derisive jingle commemorates their prowess: "Ten thousand bores marched through the woods, to kill one poor Norwegian."

promptly answered himself: "Intervention by the two superpowers and a dangerous clash between them." Along with the relief ran surprised surprise at Hammarskjöld's positive achievements in the Congo and some concern over what he had let himself and the U.N. in for. In a month of swirling diplomatic maneuver, Hammarskjöld had sometimes seemed to falter but in the end prevailed. He steadily pressured the Belgians toward renouncing their angry reoccupation of the Congo that they had so recently freed. He had kept the Congo's erratic politicians, at least for the moment, from plunging their infant nation into civil war, and checked the threatened intervention of such pan-African adventurers as Ghana's Nkrumah and Guinea's Sékou Touré. In the process he had stretched the U.N. Charter into shapes undreamed of by its authors and established the precedents for vastly in-

hooded by his own troops and denounced by his own Senate, suffered fresh indignities. In trying to break up a political riot in Léopoldville last week, Lumumba was slapped, stoned and chased back to his car. The riot, said Senate President Joseph Iléo, an old Lumumba enemy, had saved him from arrest on the Premier's orders. "But things have changed," said Iléo, referring to Lumumba's increasingly shaky power. He added cheerfully: "In Africa things are always changing from hour to hour."

Shrugging off his reverses, the unpredictable Lumumba went right on issuing fiery decrees, closing down newspapers, seizing Belgian assets, and threatening arrest for traitors, saboteurs, and "anyone who declares any independence or goes against the state." He saw plotters everywhere—in Katanga, in the Abako Party, in the neighboring French Congo and in the Roman Catholic Church. Ordering the Belgian ambassador to leave the Congo, Lumumba also ordered all Congolese students in Belgium to come home because they were "held against their will" and indoctrinated "in convents." Is this the kind of statesman the U.N. is intervening to uphold? Hammarskjöld does not conceive his task that way.

**Adrift.** As the week began, Hammarskjöld appeared to be checked in trying to bring order out of such chaos, confusion and catcalls. He had successfully pushed through the Security Council two resolutions calling for withdrawal of Belgian forces and had whisked 11,000 soldiers from eight nations into the Congo in a whirlwind, improvised airlift. But he had made one important miscalculation. Hammarskjöld had accepted Lumumba's line that Katanga's Tshombe was simply a Belgian stooge, eager to keep the Congo's wealthiest province in Belgian hands. Having won Belgium's agreement, Hammarskjöld expected Tshombe to go along. Instead, with the support of local Belgian businessmen, Tshombe loudly proclaimed himself the ruler of an independent republic and, as such, unaffected by any U.N. resolutions on the Congo.

Hurriedly, Hammarskjöld dispatched to Katanga his top African adviser, the U.S.'s Dr. Ralph Bunche, who has been having a rough time of it ever since he arrived for the Congo's June 30 independence ceremonies. In the stormy weeks of rape, arson and tribal murder that followed independence, Bunche was imprisoned in his hotel room by mutineers of the Congolese *Forces Publiques*, then elbowed out of the way by swaggering Belgian paratroopers at Léopoldville's Ndjili airport. In Elisabethville he ran into still more humiliation. Flatly announcing that if U.N. troops entered Katanga, they would be forcibly resisted, Tshombe sent Bunche off under an escort of guards who kept their Tommy guns pointed at the small of his back until he was aboard his plane.

At this point, Hammarskjöld abruptly called off the scheduled U.N. advance into Katanga and cabled New York demanding an emergency meeting of the Security

Council—the Congo crisis marks the first time a U.N. Secretary-General has ever done so on his own initiative. Dag found himself adrift on a sea of conflicting legalities and hazy precedents. Nothing in his original mandate from the Security Council authorized him to intervene in the Congo's domestic politics. Moving U.N. troops into Katanga to replace the Belgians would lessen Tshombe's chances of defeating Lumumba. Tshombe demanded guarantees. This was getting pretty close to involvement in a local quarrel, and Hammarskjöld is skilled in never getting too far out on a limb, without the overwhelming majority of U.N. members out there with him.

**Thunder on the Left.** He flew back to Manhattan, raced to the green glass slab of the U.N. building for a 7 p.m. meeting

Council veto by Britain or France, might well bring Soviet troops into the heart of Africa.

By now, thunderous noises could be heard offstage. The Russian press and radio breathed fire and rattled rockets, accusing the U.S. and the "imperialist West" of closing ranks behind Belgium in a plot to steal rich Katanga from the Congo. In Ghana, President Kwame Nkrumah lashed out with a threat to join with Guinea's Sékou Touré as allies of Lumumba in a march on Katanga.

**Memories of Korea.** Dag talked with U.S. Representative Henry Cabot Lodge in his suite. The U.S. was sympathetic to the Belgian position but not ready to side with it, sobered by the risk that Congo might become another Korea. The U.S. thought that the Belgians should get out



SWEDISH U.N. TROOPS TAKING OVER AT ELISABETHVILLE  
Above the catcalls, a relieved cheer from the world.

with his staff. At 9, he was closeted with the four small-nation members (currently Ceylon, Tunisia, Argentina, Ecuador) of the eleven-man Security Council. Tunisia's dapper Mongi Slim assumed the role of floor leader in the fight for the resolution Hammarskjöld wanted—one which would press the Belgians to withdraw "immediately" from Katanga but would promise Tshombe that their replacement by U.N. forces would not compromise Katanga's secession effort.

By 10 p.m., the representatives of nine African states had joined Hammarskjöld in his 38th floor dining room looking out over the thrusting towers of midtown Manhattan. Some of the Africans angrily demanded that the U.N. fight its way into Katanga. Trading on his status as a fellow Afro-Asian, Tunisia's Slim forcefully argued the Hammarskjöld line that an appeal to force would lead to a Security

of Katanga fast. That viewpoint was forcefully expressed to the British, French, Italians and South Americans.

The same morning Hammarskjöld also had a long conversation with Russia's Vasily Kuznetsov, who was strongly urging armed entry into Katanga, hoping thereby to drive a wedge into the NATO powers, who would have to line up on different sides of such a resolution. Hammarskjöld gambled that the Russians would extract every possible drop of propaganda advantage from their bluster but that they would not oppose the African states in a showdown—and perhaps he got a wink that told him so.

**At Dawn.** When he finally entered the wide blue and gold council chamber, Dag Hammarskjöld looked, as always, calm and cool. But there was a strain in his tired voice, and his words, usually oblique and professional, this time were

plain and full of passion. The Congo, said Hammarskjöld with chilling precision, is "a question of peace or war, and when saying peace or war, I do not limit my perspective to the Congo." Bluntly he portioned out blame to Belgium for dragging its feet, to the Congo for its impatience, and strongly criticized governments—unnamed—which threatened to take matters into their own hands by "breaking away from the U.N. force and pursuing a unilateral policy." When Russia's Kuznetsov heavily denounced Hammarskjöld for not ordering the U.N. to fight its way into Katanga, Hammarskjöld answered: "I do not personally believe we help the Congolese by actions in which Africans kill Africans or Congolese kill Congolese."

As dawn lightened the sky over the warehouses and factories of Long Island City across the river, the Council listened intently while the Congo's Justin Bomboko urged: "We should leave aside our rancor and our feelings; we should try together to find a solution." Tunisia's Monzi Slim closed the debate. With an apologetic bow to Italy's Egidio Ortona for what he was about to say, Slim brought up a 24-year-old ghost: the fateful day in 1936 when the League of Nations failed its biggest test, the day when Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie vainly appealed for help against Mussolini's invading Fascist legions. "Sanctions were not imposed," said Slim, "and it was not long before it was seen that many countries of Europe, one after the other, were becoming the Ethiopians of the future."

At 4 a.m., with France and Italy abstaining, the U.N. Security Council by a vote of 9-0 gave Dag Hammarskjöld the resolution he wanted.

**Preventive Diplomacy.** That vote was a logical culmination of Hammarskjöld's whole career as U.N. Secretary-General. When he took over in 1953 from Nor-

way's forthright and flamboyant Trygve Lie, U.N. members contentedly thought they were switching from hot to cool. Dag seemed safely competent and colorless. He still speaks with caution, but on accepting his second term as Secretary-General, he gave full notice that he was prepared, without a specific mandate, "to fill any vacuum" and provide for the "safeguarding of peace and security." Last year he explained candidly that the limitations of the U.N. made it necessary "to create a new executive responsibility somewhere." Clearly, Hammarskjöld himself is it.

In 1958, cautiously flexing his new muscles, he independently decided to enlarge the U.N. observer corps in revolt-mongering Lebanon—despite Soviet vetoes of two resolutions asking just that, Russia did not like but swallowed his decision, and the U.N. found practical as well as theoretical acceptance for its acting as arbiter in internal disputes that might threaten peace. It edged even closer last year when, again over Russian objections, Dag established the U.N. presence in Laos after revival of the Communist Pathet Lao rebellion.

Already Hammarskjöld was turning what one aide describes as "his Renaissance mind, fast and flexible," to the disasters he thought might occur as Africa's once-colonial states gained independent nationhood. Back in 1956 he had strongly urged the creation of a U.N. international professional and technical civil service for new nations that lacked competent officials. The idea was part of Hammarskjöld's pet theory of "preventive diplomacy," which he defines as "smelling conflict in the air before it is on your table." Sniffing the troubled air, Hammarskjöld last winter took a six-week tour of Africa, including a thoughtful stay in the Congo.

**Nothing Succeeds . . .** When the Congo broke last month all the devices needed to cope with the situation were already a part of Dag's experience or thinking. From the beginning, the instructions that the Security Council gave Hammarskjöld were, in fact, ones that he had written himself.

Most international lawyers agree that the action which Hammarskjöld persuaded the council to take is legally—if only broadly—justified under the umbrella clause of the U.N. Charter giving the council "primary responsibility for the maintenance of peace." Where he has broken ground is in the area that lawyers call "case law." Though the U.N. ever since the Suez war has had an "army" in Egypt's Gaza Strip, it has never before sent troops to a nation to keep internal security when local forces proved unable to do so. Notes Andrew Cordier, Hammarskjöld's retund executive assistant, "If, pragmatically, such actions are successful, they then become part of the interpretation of the U.N. Charter."

**Pax Pygmaea.** Also unparalleled is the immense authority that Dag Hammarskjöld has won for the U.N. in his own person. Ultimately, the outer limits of Hammarskjöld's authority are set by the five permanent members of the Security



PREMIER LUMUMBA & THE U.N.'S BUNCH  
Was this the statesman to uphold?

Council (the U.S., Russia, Britain, France and Nationalist China); a veto from any of them reduces him to impotence. But as long as the U.S. and Russia cannot agree, a vacuum of world leadership is created, and paradoxically the rivalry between the great powers has strengthened Dag's hand.

Fearful of being dominated in one way or another either by the U.S. or Russia, the new nations of Asia and Africa often combine in the U.N. with like-minded small nations to move between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in areas where they might clash. Trading on this tendency, Hammarskjöld—an instinctive small-nation neutral by his Swedish origins—has relied heavily on such U.N. diplomats as Tunisia's Slim, Canada's Lester Pearson, Norway's Hans Engen and India's Arthur Lalit.

In the Congo, all these factors worked to Hammarskjöld's advantage. For Russia and the U.S. the stakes in the Congo are simply not high enough to warrant the risks of war. Characteristically, he did not call on either of them for troops, though it was the round-the-clock U.S. expertness that made the U.N. airlift a success. The U.N. troops sent in to keep the Congo's peace are drawn from such nations as Ireland, Morocco, Tunisia, Ghana, Guinea and Ethiopia. Even Nikita Khrushchev, though delighted at the chance to muddy international waters and pose as a protector of Africa, would hesitate to send his armed divisions against an Irish or Swedish battalion, or to fire on blacks. For the moment, guided by Hammarskjöld, the smaller U.N. nations have established what might be called a peace of the Lilliputians, a kind of *Pax Pygmaea* in the Congo.

If the *Pax Pygmaea* works, Hammarskjöld plans to do more than merely shift troops about from one Congo trouble spot to another. The U.N. will have to run the place without offending the touchy



TUNISIA'S SLIM  
Did anyone want the ghost to rise?

Lumumba, who can be expected to holler about help even while accepting and needing it. Already nearly 400 U.N. and World Health Organization technicians are at work in the Congo. The port of Matadi has been put back into operation under the supervision of U.S. General Raymond Wheeler, who cleared the Suez Canal for the U.N. Last week, obviously contemplating years of close U.N. involvement in Congo affairs, Hammarskjöld produced a terse memorandum outlining the structure of a long-term U.N. civilian mission to the Congo which would supply the Congo's ill-educated, inexperienced Cabinet with experts in ten fields from finance to public health. It was too late now to blame Belgium for not training the men, to blame Congolese for incompetence, or to blame the climate of the times for giving the Congo its independence before it was ready. To pay for all his operations, Hammarskjöld has \$5 million in cash on hand, plans to solicit contributions from the U.N. members including Russia—which, since it voted for all three resolutions that took the U.N. into the Congo, should be hard put to refuse some financial support.

**The Dissenters.** Amidst the cheers Hammarskjöld's Congo policy has won, there were voices of dissent. In London Lord Beaverbrook's empire-minded *Daily Express* complained that U.N. intervention in the Congo "is an act of brigandage and oppression cloaked by sanctimoniousness . . . Every agitator in Africa looks with hope to Dag Hammarskjöld." In Paris the right-wing *L'Aurore* asked: "Do we understand that in the Congo the first objective is to evict the Belgians and the second to reestablish on his cardboard throne this astonishing Lumumba?" *Paris-Jour*, echoing the feeling of those Western Europeans who see Europeans in Africa raped, robbed and murdered by what they regard as ungrateful subjects, sneered at Hammarskjöld as the "chief of an international supergovernment exclusively at the service of the Afro-Asian countries that have sworn to humiliate and humble Westerners." One wing of French opinion regards Katanga as a dangerous precedent. What if Algeria got its independence, and the European *colons* set up a secessionist state along the Algerian coast? Would U.N. troops fly in to guarantee all Algeria to the Moslems?

Hammarskjöld's reply is that the U.N. does not meddle in internal affairs, even if it runs them "on request." Its only mission in Katanga, he says, is to replace Belgian troops with U.N. troops. When the Belgians are gone, if Katanga still wishes to secede, Hammarskjöld's U.N. troops will not interfere. Should Lumumba and his pulled-together *Forces Publiques* try to reconquer a secessionist Katanga, the U.N. force under its present directive from the Security Council would have to stand aside and let them fight it out. Hammarskjöld has scrupulously refrained from backing Lumumba's regime. The U.N. may find itself bogged in a tropical rain forest for years to come.

Certainly nothing was yet settled. The

## THE MANY LANDS OF CONGO

*Through all his weathervane shifts of mood, Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba has never shifted on one point: the Congo, he insists, is a single, unified nation of 14 million people. But with or without U.N. help, the odds against a unified Congo are enormous.*

**I**n bustling Léopoldville, where 15-story office buildings rise only a few miles from huts on stilts, it was the dry season and customers on the terrace of the Hotel Regina sipped their beer in relative comfort, grateful for a temperature dip that had taken the thermometer down to the 80s. Up-river at Coquilhatville, astraddle the equator, it was sweltering as usual, and the natives crept out of their huts to sleep in the tall moist grass. To the east, where the rain forest changes to flat plains, then rolling hills, then towering mountains, blacks and whites alike lit fires as the sun disappeared, folding themselves in blankets to keep off the bitter chill.

Climatically, historically and emotionally, the Congo is many lands. Even when the Congo's radios and telephones were working again, orders from Léopoldville would scarcely be heard, understood or heeded by the equatorial Logo craftsman, the fiercely independent Lokele fisherman or the Balumba villager of Katanga. Scattered through a land roughly the size of the U.S. east of the Mississippi, the Congo's 150 major tribes speak 38 different languages, observe a bewildering variety of rites ranging from lip tattooing to magic rain making.

**On the Plateau.** Faithful to the classic principle of "divide and rule," Belgian colonial administrators carefully preserved the tribal system. The result was a painful anachronism: a people dominated by primitive loyalties suddenly presented with the tools of modern industrial society and the trappings of independence. To Moïse Tshombe and his Katangans, no one in Léopoldville has any legitimate interest in gleaming little Elisabethville (pop. 177,000), the Congo's second largest city, where today supermarkets and the luxurious Hotel Leopold II rise from the cool, 5,000-ft.-high plateau. Nor to them does any "outsider" have any right to share in the revenues of the rich mines and plants that produce and process the copper, tin, uranium, and cobalt (60% of free world output) developed by Belgium's fat Union Minière du Haut-Katanga.

Tshombe's narrow-eyed provincialism strikes an echoing chord in many, perhaps most, Congolese. From Coquilhatville came word last week that Equator province had been declared a republic by the local native leaders. In the big central province of Kasai, Ba-

luba tribesmen declared the independence of something called Mining State, which, they hoped, would allow them to retain the huge industrial diamond lodes that supply three-quarters of the free world's production.

After Katanga's, the most serious secession threat came from the proud, million-strong Bakongo people, once rulers of an ancient coastal empire, who talk of amputating much of the Lower Congo. Here at the mouth of the huge Congo River, where the nation squeezes into the Atlantic with a mere 20 miles of coastline, is the Congo's solitary seaport: sultry, burgeoning Matadi.

**Enough Bananas.** For politicians in Léopoldville the logic of centralization is easy to see. Lying alongside the Stanley Pool, where the Congo waters widen out to become 13 miles across before plunging into a series of rapids and cataracts, "Leo's" only reason for existence is to serve as a terminus for the radar-guided cargo boats bringing raw materials downstream for export and pushing upstream imported gasoline, radio sets, refrigerators and Perrier water to supply such river ports as busy Stanleyville. Without Matadi and its outlet to the sea, Léopoldville would wither. Without the taxes of the Katanga, it would become the capital of another undeveloped nation rather than of the richest state in Africa. But so long as manioc and bananas remained in plentiful supply, the bush natives who make up 77% of the Congo's population would not care much about the subtleties of maps and governments.



U.N. can legally remain in the Congo only at the invitation of the Congo government, and last week Premier Lumumba, growling ominously about the pressures on him, called on Hammarskjöld to abandon his plans to garrison Katanga province with mixed black and white forces (Swedish, Moroccan and Ethiopian), demanded a totally black force instead, "African troops," he insisted, "are completely capable of carrying out the U.N. mission." In Accra, Ghana's Nkrumah was still talking up the formation of an "All-African" army composed of units from Ghana, Guinea, the U.A.R. and "volunteers" from all the continent.

Despite the critics, the doubters, and everyone's legitimate forebodings, Hammarskjöld continued to push ahead from one limited, carefully chosen diplomatic objective to the next. At week's end, without ruckus, members of his Swedish bodyguard symbolically took over from the Belgians the guard duty at Elisabethville airfield, where they first put down. Belgian commanders in Katanga agreed to start pulling their 7,000 troops back to a single base as more U.N. forces flew in this week. The Congo may remain just one jump ahead of chaos for some time to come, but Dag Hammarskjöld had established there a principle that may help in other African troubles to come. His was one more brave try in the 20th century's hopeful, if often frustrated, effort to substitute for the bloody consequences of untrammelled nationalism the security of an international order.

## BELGIUM

### The Royal Rage

In Brussels' Laeken palace last week, Belgium's King Baudouin, raging at the news of the second U.N. resolution calling for Belgian withdrawal from the Congo, rounded on dapper Premier Gaston Eyskens, "This is the end," snapped Baudouin, "I demand your resignation."

In his wrath, gloomy King Baudouin, 29, spoke what was in the heart and on the lips of thousands of his countrymen, "What has this government accomplished?" roared Brussels' *Le Soir*. "It has gone from defeat to defeat. Never in Belgium's memory has our prestige been so low." Similar outcries came from the right-wing Liberal Party, whose 21 helping votes have kept Eyskens' Social Christians in office and the Socialist Party out. Hovering ominously in the background was a growing cluster of quasi-Fascist splinter groups whose members booed Parliament itself, marched noisily through the street with placards demanding "All power to the King."

Even Eyskens himself could not pretend that Belgium was not in sad straits, could not help but share in the general fury that Belgium had been "deserted" in the Security Council by its NATO allies, Britain and the U.S. Humily echoing his party's bitter charge that Washington and London "refuse our soldiers the right to defend the lives and security of our compatriots," Eyskens said Bel-

gium would have to consider reducing its military contributions to NATO.

But for all his bitterness, Eyskens had no intention of leaving office without a fight. And by his open intervention in politics, which evoked uneasy memories of his headstrong father, ex-King Leopold, King Baudouin had aroused the resentment even of politicians opposed to Eyskens. At week's end, playing for time, Eyskens promised a Cabinet reshuffle, called Parliament back into session for a showdown confidence vote this week.

## LAOS

### Tale of Two Cities

In Laos one rainy day last week, Premier Tiao Somsanith, 47, assembled the top members of his Cabinet and flew north from Vientiane to the royal city of Luangprabang on a matter of some urgency: the burial of the late King Sisavang

port, two generals and a few minor bureaucrats at a cost of only six casualties.

Next, in classic revolutionary style, Kongle took to Laos' newest radio station, just built with U.S. aid funds, to charge that Premier Somsanith had "exchanged our country for American money." He called for a neutralist policy "leaning toward neither the free world nor Communism," and demanded the ouster of the 125-man U.S. military training mission. Hopefully, he added: "I suggest everybody clap and cheer."

**En Famille.** Even in Vientiane no one took this suggestion seriously—and Vientiane was all of Laos that Kongle controlled. Troops in Luangprabang were still loyal to Premier Somsanith. Each side was kept from having to attack the other by the fact that the road between Vientiane and Luangprabang was washed out by the monsoon. Most of the 28,000-man Laotian army scattered throughout the country either had not heard of the revolt at all or reacted with Laos' soft, favorite phrase, "*be pen nyan* [it doesn't matter]."

To break this stalemate, Kongle suggested the formation of a new government headed by Prince Souvanna Phouma, half brother of the Communist Pathet Lao commander and onetime neutralist Premier of Laos. This suggestion worried the U.S. State Department, which now concedes that, despite \$225 million in U.S. aid since 1955, Laos cannot afford open belligerence toward its Communist neighbors (*TIME*, Jan. 18) but fears that Souvanna Phouma would lead Laos into neutralism in favor of the Reds.

But the Laos-style bargaining had only begun. Into Vientiane two days after the coup flew portly General Ouane Rathikone, who is both Army chief of staff to Premier Somsanith and uncle to Captain Kongle. Ouane Rathikone airily announced that he would work out a solution "*en famille*." But at week's end a 43-man rum session of the National Assembly meekly gathered in Vientiane to vote no confidence in Somsanith, envoys still shuttled back and forth between the two cities, and no compromise Cabinet had been agreed upon. So far, the only solid accomplishment of Kongle's coup had been to demonstrate how few men are needed to capture a capital city in sleepy Laos—a lesson that was surely being carefully studied by the Pathet Lao rebels.

## THE ALLIES

### The New Flirtation

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has long regarded Prime Minister Harold Macmillan as a man who may not have West Germany's true interests at heart. But last week Host Adenauer greeted a visiting Macmillan with a smiling "My dear friend," soon was toasting the Queen over venison, sherbet and fine wines.

Macmillan's recent tough note to Khrushchev did much to allay Adenauer's presumptuous fears that British eagerness to negotiate with the Soviets had made Britain "soft" on Berlin and West Germany. Adenauer was also mindful of the grow-



REBEL KONGLE  
A buffer swerved.

Vong, who has been preserved in formaldehyde since last October. By long tradition, a Laotian King must be buried in a coffin made from a sandalwood tree that had been growing for centuries for this predestined purpose. This tree had just been found, and Sisavang Vong could at last be laid to rest. But even as Somsanith and his ministers were making funeral arrangements, a paratroop captain based in Vientiane was preparing a different sort of funeral for the Cabinet itself.

**Voice of America.** A moody soldier trained in a U.S. Ranger course in the Philippines, Captain Kongle, 26, was under orders to take his battalion 40 miles north to hunt down pro-Communist Pathet Lao rebels. Instead, he moved east to a nearby Laotian army camp, where he won over an armored squadron with the fiery plea: "This fratricidal fighting among Laotians must cease!" Rolling back to Vientiane before dawn, Kongle's 3,000 men swiftly captured the capital, its air-

ing split in Europe between the Common Market Six (to which Germany belongs) and Britain's Outer Seven. Such a division, muses Adenauer, could only serve Moscow's interests at a time when he thinks the U.S. election is creating a "vacuum" in Western leadership.

In four hours of conference-table talk and after dinner cizars and coffee, *der Alte* hinted at diplomatic concessions sure to make Britain's mouth water. Adenauer seemed willing to slow down the pace of the Common Market tariff changes even ready to discuss the knotty "special problems" such as preferential Commonwealth tariffs, which the British claim make it impossible for them to join the Common Market in its present form. Nothing was settled, but technicians on both sides set to work seeking areas of compromise. "They've put a good deal of water in the Common Market wine," exulted one high British diplomat.

How far Adenauer goes in courting Britain depends chiefly on France's Charles de Gaulle. Three weeks ago in a meeting with Adenauer at Rambouillet, De Gaulle pressed on the Germans his dreams of a new European political structure—perhaps a permanent series of European summit meetings or a permanent consultative secretariat for political coordination. Still intent on establishing French leadership of the Continent, De Gaulle was trying to create a counterweight to the U.S. within the Western alliance. Adenauer regards the U.S. alliance as basic to Bonn's foreign policy and thinks De Gaulle's dream dangerous. Accordingly, falling back on the technique with which wives have brought straying husbands to heel since the dawn of time, the shrewd old Chancellor embarked on a new flirtation.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Bluebell Rolls Again

When Britain's 17-mile Sheffield Park Branch Railway opened back in 1882, the Sussex countryside through which it ran was so thickly strewn with wildflowers that passengers had only to reach out the window to pick bouquets of bluebells and primroses. But over the years, despite the railway's much admired charm, modern highways with their rumbling trucks and beeping cars drained away its traffic. In 1955, struggling to cut the losses of Britain's nationalized railways, the Transport Ministry marked the "Bluebell and Primrose" for extinction.

It was enough to bring all the local sentimentalists out of the woods in full cry against unfeeling bureaucrats. The sentimentalists discovered a clause in Parliament's original authorizing law requiring the Bluebell line to operate not fewer than four trains a day, and it took another three years, with the line losing \$160,000 a year, for the Transport Ministry to find a way around the law and stop service. Workmen were already ripping up the tracks when Britain's antique-railroad buffs founded the Bluebell Railway Preservation Society and asked to buy the surviving 4½ miles of trackage. To discour-

age them, the ministry named a stiff price: \$50,000. In consolation, it offered to rent them the old Sheffield Park booking office for 2 shillings (79¢) a week.

**The Midnight Choo Choo.** Bluebell fans happily set about repainting the gingerbread Victorian station in its original hues of chocolate brown and yellow, with no intention of stopping there. Wives and children helped clear the track of weeds, and retired railroad men nostalgically offered their services free if locomotives and rolling stock could be found. To raise cash, 1,350 memberships in the society were sold at 1 guinea (\$2.94) a year. Impressed at last, the ministry agreed to rent the society the Bluebell's trackage for \$6,300 a year.

Last week more than 2,000 Britons descended on Sheffield Park Station, many of the men in bat-wing collars and the women in high-button shoes and Victorian bonnets. To the strains of *When the Mid-*



THE BLUEBELL AT SHEFFIELD PARK STATION  
A puffer preserved.

*night Choo Choo Leaves for Alabama*, the Bluebell—consisting for the present of two freshly painted wooden coaches between a brace of antique steam engines—chuffed down the track at a sedate 22 m.p.h. Minutes later, reaching the end of the line, the volunteer engineer and fireman hopped out, hurried around to the rear engine, fired it up and brought the train, all whistles blowing, triumphantly back to the station.

**The Best from Everywhere.** For the rest of the summer the Bluebell will run three times a day on weekends (47¢ a round trip first class, 35¢ second). Between its fares and the contributions of buffs from Nairobi to New York, the Bluebell Society expects to "preserve puffery for posterity." And with Britain alone scuttling an average of four steam locomotives a day, says Captain Peter Manistry, R.N. (ret.), a charter Bluebell member, "we can select the best steams from everywhere. Why, we'll be unique."

## ANDORRA

### Prodigal Returns

The tiny republic of Andorra (pop. 6,400), a green country of shepherds and smugglers high in the Pyrenees, has never pretended to keep up with the times. Not until two years ago did Andorra's 24-man Council of the Valleys get around to rescinding its 1914 declaration of war on Germany. Andorra's few state documents are kept in a giant oak closet at the government house, the Casa de la Vall. Since every Andorran is deemed honest, the government's money is apt to be lying about anywhere.

Despite this disdain for modern bureaucratic technique, Andorra's government rocked along smoothly enough until one day in December 1958, when somebody left \$168,000—two-thirds of the entire Andorran treasury—lying in a cupboard drawer in the Casa de la Vall. Next

day the cupboard was bare. Also missing was Ramon Riberauyga, 36, scion of a leading family and secretary of the Council of the Valleys, who on frequent visits to Spain had developed an un-Andorran taste for luxury. He kept a mistress in Barcelona and enjoyed paying big tips at the Hotel Ritz to have himself paged when the dining room was full.

Two months ago, after squandering the treasury's pesetas all the way from Madrid to Bogotá, Colombia, Riberauyga finally slipped back to Andorra, shamefaced and dead broke, to face the music. Last week, as he lounged around home at provisional liberty, Andorra's elders informally let drop their intentions: Riberauyga will probably go scot-free. After all, the Riberauyga family had almost gone bankrupt paying back what Ramon had stolen. Anyway, the four-cell jail in the Casa de la Vall might lose its appeal for tourists if it were cluttered up with a prisoner.

## THE FAR EAST

### The New Gold Rush

In Ranpoon last week Burmese customs men proudly reported their "biggest haul since 1952": the discovery of \$31,000 in smuggled gold aboard the *Dolphinverett*, a Liberian-registered freighter operated by California's Everett-Orient Line. In Calcutta the *Dolphinverett*'s sister ship *Ruthverett* is being confiscated outright by the Indian government. After a week-long search during which they all but dismantled the ship, Indian customs officers uncovered aboard the *Ruthverett* \$700,000 worth of gold stashed away in hidey-holes ranging from the ship's garbage bin to secret compartments.

Americans, forbidden since 1933 to trade in gold, by now consider gold a harmless if expensive substance used to make wedding rings and to fill teeth. But in Asia, the traffic in gold—much of it illegal—is booming as never before. Indian brides offer gold bangles as dowry and families salt away their savings in gold jewelry. When Indonesia's President Sukarno arbitrarily reduced the value of the rupiah 75% overnight, Indonesian businessmen who had thoughtfully stuffed their godowns with gold bullion not only escaped losses but reaped fantastic profits. All over Asia, trade in gold has become the favored device for evading national foreign exchange controls.

**Wolf & Son.** Center of the Asian gold trade is the Portuguese colony of Macao, where dealers operate openly, since Portugal consistently refuses to sign an international agreement to regulate gold. Since 1946, by the colony's own report, some \$601 million worth of gold has poured into—and through—Macao (pop. 200,000). Most of it also passed through the hands of Dr. Pedro Lobo, onetime chief economic officer of Macao, who is credited

with monopolizing gold import licenses for Macao's "gold syndicate."

Now nearly 70, Lobo (Portuguese for wolf) is gradually turning the business over to his son Rogerio, 36, who is one of the owners of the single-plane airline that flies gold in from Hong Kong, only 15 air minutes away. On arrival each shipment of gold is meticulously weighed by Portuguese authorities determined to collect the import duty of 42¢ an ounce, the biggest source of Macao's revenue. After the weighing, the authorities discreetly withdraw. Then the syndicate's employees melt down the international gold bars (usually weighing around 27 lbs.) into the portable 9-oz. bars or thin gold sheets preferred by smugglers.

**Over & Back.** Chief suppliers of Macao's gold are a clutch of old-line Hong Kong trading firms, which buy it legally on the London gold market at a pegged price, then pass it along to Lobo's syndicate for a "service charge." Gold dealers in Hong Kong say that it is the Portuguese who let the gold slip into illegal channels. The Portuguese, in turn, blandly declare that the bulk of the gold brought into Macao is immediately smuggled back to Hong Kong in junks or on ferries.

Once back in Hong Kong, the gold goes into the vaults of some 200 Chinese banks where it may be used for such delicate transactions as shipping a shipment of Calcutta opium to Hong Kong or buying off Chinese Communist officials who have put the squeeze on the relatives of rich overseas Chinese businessmen. But the final market is most often India. Indian central bank officials estimate that India's private gold holdings exceed \$3.6 billion (at the U.S. gold rate), up from \$3.2 billion in 1948. The enormous trade in smuggled gold is a major reason India is chronically short of foreign exchange; one ounce of gold smuggled into India represents a loss of \$35 in hard currency.

In their constant battle with gold smugglers, customs men all over Asia have come to accept as routine the typewriters with camouflaged gold space bars, the shipments of gold-filled salmon, the rump-heavy laying hens and the resourceful uses of just about every human orifice. But though the customs men know most of the tricks, they manage to intercept, by one estimate, less than 5% of the smuggled gold. Shrugged one cynical old hand in the gold trade: "After all, just for looking the other way when a bag of gold goes over the rail of an incoming steamer and onto a harbor boat, a customs man can pick up a year's salary."

## SOUTH KOREA

### Doubtful Favor

In Seoul last week, South Korea's newly-elected National Assembly at last chose a chief of state to replace deposed President Syngman Rhee. By a vote of 208 (out of 259) the Assembly named as President 62-year-old Posun Yun,\* a



PRESIDENT POSUN YUN  
Hercules has his troubles.

British-educated (Edinburgh University) Presbyterian who, as onetime mayor of Seoul, acquired something of a Herculean reputation by cleaning up the city's streets.

Under Korea's new constitution, Yun's job will be largely ceremonial, but it does give him the right to nominate the Premier, subject to confirmation by the Assembly's lower house. With more than 2,000,000 unemployed and an empty treasury, South Korea is in a bad way, and President Yun would be well advised, remarked one cynical Seoul politician last week, "to nominate his worst political enemy" for Premier.

## RED CHINA

### Forward in Reverse

At a recent Communist Party meeting in Peking, an ambitious delegate who began to recite the once-obligatory eulogies to "the great agricultural leap" was harshly reminded by one of his colleagues that, after all, China's Communists were "not like the legendary monkey god, Sun Wun Kung, who could pull out one of his hairs and with a breath create an army." More bluntly yet, the Peking *People's Daily* unprecedentedly admitted the possibility of famine "in certain areas of the country." In face of the hunger that stalks mainland China for the third straight year, even Red China's own propagandists could no longer manage to blink the fact that their country was in the grip of a major agricultural crisis.

Part of the trouble down on China's farms was caused, as so often in China's history, by natural disasters—drought and insect pests in the northern provinces, floods along the southern coast. But nature's harshness was compounded by the adoption last year of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's "three-thirds" theory of agriculture, under which one-third of China's land was to be left fallow each year.



THE MACAO WATERFRONT  
Blindness has its rewards.

\* More familiarly known by the Korean version of his name, Yoon Bo-Sun.



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*ROAD TO THE FUTURE*

one-third was to be given over to forest and the final third to be intensively cultivated Japanese-style.

Obedient to Mao's dictum, Red China's peasants in 1959 reduced the amount of land they sowed by nearly 10%—set out to make up for it by deep plowing and heavy fertilization. But in his theorizing, Mao had forgotten that China is desperately short of chemical fertilizers and even the simplest agricultural tools. Result was that although Peking's grain production target for 1960 is 300 million tons, China will be lucky to produce two-thirds that much. Admits the *People's Daily*: "If this year's summer harvest equals that of 1959 or is a little bigger—or even a little smaller—it will be a great victory for agriculture."

In a desperate effort to reverse this tide, Red China's masters have switched the line to read "plant more and harvest more," are plugging a crash vegetable-growing program. Kiangsi province has ordered 480,000 civil servants to the farm, Shansi province sent 400,000 "retrenched" industrial and dam workers to the countryside, and Kwangtung province promised 1,000,000 laborers who had "blindly immigrated to the cities." To remedy the fertilizer shortage, commune dwellers are being urged to raise pigs for their own profit, following the slogan: "More pigs more fertilizer; more fertilizer, more grain; more grain, a future infinitely beautiful."

On the strength of these programs, Peking now talks reassuringly of a "bumper summer harvest next year." But the fact is that after almost eleven years of Communist rule, China has gained not at all in the desperate race between food production and population increase. "Food is very scarce," wrote a mother in Foochow to her son in Hong Kong. "Were it not for your remittance, we would not taste a piece of meat in a year."

## COMMUNISTS

### Nikita's Retort

When Red China's Mao Tse-tung decided two years ago to herd his 650 million subjects into beehive-style communes, nobody professed to be more appalled than Nikita Khrushchev. It wasn't the inhumanity he objected to; it was the dogma. Communes, Nikita told visiting U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey, were "old-fashioned and reactionary." But what really irked the Kremlin was Peking's implicit boast that the commune system would propel Red China into the Marxist-never-never land of full Communism ahead even of Russia itself.

Last week, in the Soviet monthly *Novy Mir*, the Kremlin devised the subtlest play yet to put the bumptious Chinese back in their ideological place, Russia, too, wrote Veteran Soviet Economist Stanislav Strumlin, 83, plans to have agricultural communes—but not until 1980-85. And unlike Red China's jam-packed, hard-scrabble farms (see above), Russia's communes would be proletarian



COMMUNE WORKERS IN NORTHEAST CHINA  
Such an infinitely beautiful future.

pleasure palaces whose 2,400 inhabitants would enjoy every amenity from lavish restaurants to beauty parlors for the ladies. Then, driving Nikita's stiletto deep into Mao's back, Economist Strumlin blandly opined: "Of course, such an honorable name as commune must be won by practical success in the real building of Communism. First, prove your ability—then stretch out your hand for the honored title."

## RUSSIA

### Spy Season

Beating the drums for the approaching showcase trial of U.S. Pilot Francis Powers (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Moscow's propagandists sent Russia into its worst case of spy fever since Stalin's time. Day after day the Soviet press hammered away at the insidiousness of foreign influences ("I began to have unhealthy thoughts as a result of my enthusiasm for jazz"), reported with horror fresh cases of foreign visitors "caught" spying "under cover of the mask of tourism." After years of pleas for greater cultural exchange with the West, the Kremlin now seemed alarmed over the impact that this summer's 15,000 U.S. and British tourists might be having on the mind of Soviet man.

One of the first victims was Edwin Morrell, 30, an exchange student from Salt Lake City who in June was kicked out of Moscow State University and accused of trying to "pry secrets" out of trade union officials. A month later three U.S. tourists and a Briton were bounced for distributing copies of USA's Russian-language magazine *Amerika*—which the

Soviet government long ago officially cleared for sale in Russia.

Last week the Russians expelled Colonel Edwin M. Kirtson, the U.S. air attaché in Moscow, on charges of trying to photograph military installations in Odessa and "actively carrying out visual observations" on a train ride southeast of Sverdlovsk. Next day they kicked out Robert Christner, 27, a Russian-speaking U.S. tourist who wore a "suspicious-looking" money belt, took pictures of the harbor in Baku and incautiously gave chance Russian acquaintances his copy of *Doctor Zhivago* and a couple of New York newspapers. The day after that, police expelled James Shultz, 21, an Otis, Kans. boy on a Y.M.C.A. tour. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* said that Shultz had met in Kiev "a rascal ready to sell his honor for foreign rugs," had given him three Bibles as well as some clothes, ("I don't know of anything I'd rather be charged with," said Shultz's father, a Methodist minister.)

In tit for tat, Washington expelled Valentin M. Ivanov, first secretary of the Soviet embassy, accusing him of paying a young American "a substantial sum" to seek a U.S. Government job. But there were signs that the Soviet government was making progress in its campaign to keep ordinary Russians away from contact with foreigners: it doesn't take much to revive memories. Reported Los Angeles Schoolteacher Betty Jean Koferets, who was shadowed on her Soviet trip because she dated a Russian boy. "They took him to police headquarters and warned him against seeing me again. . . . Most people there are afraid of Americans now."

# THE HEMISPHERE

## CUBA

### Castro v. the Church

Fidel Castro last week lashed out at the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Cuba as "scribes and Pharisees," "poets of the American embassy" and "Franco Fascists." Castro's rage was aroused by a pastoral letter<sup>a</sup> condemning "the growing advance of Communism in our country." He shouted that whoever "condemns the revolution betrays Christ" and is "capable of crucifying Christ again."

The Catholic Church in Cuba has only 720 priests, one for each 8,000 Catholics, compared with the U.S. ratio of one for every 760 Catholics. Moreover, Cuba's lower classes consider the church somewhat foreign: 400 of the priests are Spanish-born (most of them anti-Franco, despite Castro's accusation), and another 100 are foreigners from other countries. Although nearly 85% of Cuba's 6,700,000 population is nominally Catholic, regular church attendance is confined mostly to women and children. Castro himself went to Jesuit-run schools for eleven years and wore a religious medal as a guerrilla in the hills. But he is divorced (though not remarried) and does not go to church. His ten-year-old son, under his mother's influence, has become a Methodist.

Yet even Maximum Leader Castro cannot afford to ignore the church. In the past five years, it has been a rallying point for enemies of dictators who fell in Argentina, Venezuela and Colombia. Last week, after pro-Communist gangs attacked crowds leaving Havana Cathedral, Archbishop Diaz threatened that the Cuban Catholic Church might declare itself officially "in silence"—as it is behind the Iron Curtain. As the Castro-Catholic battle got hotter, church attendance showed a sharp and significant upturn.

### Exodus

Each weekday morning, when the doors of the U.S. consulate in Havana open, a long line of Cubans waits to enter. Their aim: to get out of Castro's Cuba. The consulate issues 200 visas a day, but the demand is so great that applicants now must wait until next May even to get appointments for interviews. The drain on Cuba's supply of trained men—engineers, economists, doctors—last week persuaded Castro to cancel all existing exit permits. Henceforth, those who want to leave home must fill out an elaborately detailed questionnaire. Its aim was plain: to keep tab on those who are getting out and to provide a handy list of their assets in case they do not come back.

<sup>a</sup> Signed by Manuel Cardinal Arteaga, 80, Archbishop of Havana and Primate of Cuba; Santiago Archbishop Enrique Pérez Serantes, who saved Castro's life in 1933 when he was fleeing the wrath of Dictator Fulgencio Batista after an abortive uprising; the Vatican-appointed Apostolic Administrator, Evelio Diaz; and six other bishops.

## MEXICO

### The Yen to Riot

In its three-phase process of nation building—revolution, industrial development, prosperity—Mexico is well into Phase 2, and President Adolfo López Mateos is determined to keep going. To do the job, he needs political stability. Instead, López Mateos is now bedeviled by leftist demonstrations and violence that resulted last week in the jailing of Mexico's No. 1 artist and No. 1 Communist, David Alfaro Siqueiros.

The violence grows partly out of the fact that the memory of the Mexican revolution is so fresh and inspiring; the initials of the ruling party, P.R.I., stand for Party of Institutionalized Revolution. Although the revolution started in 1910, it did not reach its climax until the six-year period from 1934 through 1940, when President Lázaro Cárdenas expropriated foreign oil companies. Since then, Mexican Presidents have turned to the right, encouraging domestic and foreign private enterprise. The government itself became big business, running railroads and oil, sharing investments with private capital through its own development corporation, Nacional Financiera.

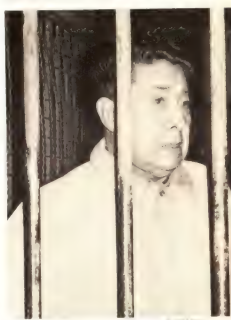
**A Sign Mistaken.** To keep everything going smoothly, López Mateos last year asked leaders of government workers' unions—including the railwaymen's Red-lining Demetrio Vallejo and the teachers' Othón Salazar—to postpone wage demands for one year until López Mateos could pay off some inherited government debts. Vallejo took the request as a sign of weakness and in March 1959 called a wildcat strike. López Mateos cracked down hard, threw Vallejo and 2,600 other railwaymen into jail. Vallejo and about 500 strikers have been there ever since without trial. Ex-President Cárdenas, still a hero to Mexico's masses, demanded "justice and comprehension" for them. Then Cárdenas traveled to Fidel Castro's Cuba and returned so full of praise that leftist Mexican students, peasants and workers were roused to unruly recollections of the revolutionary days in Mexico.

Two months ago, López Mateos found himself compelled to reassure the nation that he was no right-winger. He gave Castro's touring Puppet President Osvaldo Dorticos a warm welcome to Mexico City. The leader of López Mateos' P.R.I. made a speech describing the government as "carefully leftist." The President followed with a carefully meaningless statement that "within the constitution, my government is on the extreme left." Still for domestic consumption, P.R.I.'s congressional leader greeted U.S. curtailment of the Cuban sugar quota (which benefited Mexico) with a pledge of "solidarity with the people of Cuba."

**A Spiral of Violence.** When the U.S. demanded an official explanation of the Congressman's statement, López Mateos'

government was forced to humiliate itself at home by denying that the Congressman spoke for the government. Mexico's latent anti-gringoism began to rise. Students and leftists marched past the U.S. embassy shouting "Cuba, yes! Yanquis, no!", battled police who tried to keep them from demonstrating outside López Mateos' palace.

Since then, violence has fed on violence. Teachers and students staged demonstrations demanding the reinstatement of Union Chief Salazar, whom López Mateos (even as he was protesting his leftism) fired for calling an illegal strike. A fortnight ago, a brutal battle broke out near the Mexico City Normal School be-



ARTIST SIQUEIROS IN JAIL  
Violence fed on violence.

tween 6,000 demonstrators and 700 police and firemen; 70 students were injured, some severely. Last week, protesting police violence, several hundred students tried to battle their way through riot lines around Mexico City's main plaza, the Zócalo. Two students were shot.

Rounding up agitators, the police hauled in Artist Siqueiros, who for the past three months has been head of Mexico's Communist Party. The day after the Zócalo riot, Siqueiros promised López Mateos' regime "no peace until all political prisoners are freed." He was booked on a charge of "social dissolution." By going to the length of jailing Mexico's foremost artist (who has lately been at work on a large mural for the government at Chapultepec Castle), López Mateos' government probably invited new trouble. An angry official promised at week's end that future demonstrations and riots would be met with a "mallet fist."

## THE AMERICAS

### The Testing of the OAS

The Organization of American States this week tests its ability to cope with the major problems of the Western Hemisphere. In San José, Costa Rica, a meeting of the hemisphere's foreign ministers will consider strained relations between Fidel Castro's Cuba and the U.S., and the threat of Soviet Russia to intervene against the U.S. on Cuba's behalf. OAS treaties authorize diplomatic, economic and even military sanctions, but no one expects such strong measures. The U.S. hopes at most for a unanimous hemispheric warning that may deter Cuba from its course of volunteering itself as Russia's penetration point in the hemisphere. The test for the OAS is the degree to which it can make its disapproval strong and specific.

**Lamb Stew Years.** The inter-American system that has produced the OAS was invented by Simón Bolívar. South America's George Washington. In 1826 hemisphere nations met with him in Panama to produce a treaty dealing with common defense, peaceful settlement of disputes and abolition of slave trading. There the idea rested until 1889, when U.S. Secretary of State James G. Blaine organized a trade-promoting "International Union of American Republics." In 1910 the organization got its present Spanish-colonial-style headquarters in Washington and a permanent secretariat, the Pan American Union. It then began a three-decade period of drowsy eclipse. For 26 years it was run as an international banqueting society by Director General Leo S. Rowe, a penny-pinching Iowan who invariably served lamb stew to hold down overhead.

As the founding of the United Nations approached in 1945, the old organization suddenly woke up, thanks to a capable Colombian named Alberto Lleras Camargo (now the President of Colombia). In Mexico City, delegates agreed with Lleras that they should not turn over their powers of collective action to the U.N. At San Francisco the Latin Americans delayed two weeks until the right of regional self-defense was written into Article 51 of the U.N. Charter, which subsequently became the basis of NATO.

**Cuban Challenge.** Thus strengthened, and renamed OAS, this regional group proceeded to prove under Secretary General Lleras that it could work by handling minor disputes. The one thing that it never got was the intangible factor diplomats call "presence"—confident acceptance of the OAS by its members as the competent and natural body to handle big inter-American problems. Hindering such presence is the feeling that the OAS is dominated by the U.S. Lately, Cuba has added another handicap in the form of a deliberate anti-OAS campaign. Last month, calling the OAS Washington's "Ministry of Colonies," it tried, unsuccessfully, to take its dispute with the U.S. directly to the U.N. Security Council. In such an atmosphere, the OAS this week faces its most important challenge.

## REVOLUTION FOR EXPORT

*Let us make Cuba the example. Let us make the Andes the Sierra Maestra of the Americas.*

—Fidel Castro

**REVOLUTION** is fast becoming Cuba's principal export. Perhaps not since the early days of the Russian Revolution, when Lenin used Soviet diplomats to transmit instructions and gold, has a government attempted such large-scale subversion of its neighbors.

Cuban diplomats, like Nassers in the Middle East, are supposed to appeal directly to the hemisphere's people, going over the heads of—and against—the governments. Last month Buenos Aires police raided a strategy meeting of the street-fighting Committee in Honor of the Cuban Revolution, and flushed the Cuban embassy's second secretary. Argentine agents have been able on two occasions to intercept and photograph the bags of Havana's diplomatic couriers. Both times they found copies of the celebrated manual for guerrilla warfare written by Castro Henchman Che Guevara. On at least one occasion they found orders for Peronist terrorists.

**The Friends of Cuba.** Havana's most consistent effort is probably devoted to developing pro-Cuba fronts throughout the hemisphere. Venezuela's Committee for the Defense of the Cuban Revolution, an amalgam of Communists and street brawlers, has grown so powerful that it is causing serious division within the political coalition backing President Rómulo Betancourt. A few weeks ago, at the funeral of a local Castro leader killed by police, angry members carried his coffin, decked with the 26th of July red and black colors, through the streets for four hours. Recently, when anti-Castro Cubans held a memorial service in Caracas Cathedral, committee members and the Cuban chargé d'affaires attacked the church.

Hardly a group or area is too small for Cuban attention: Jamaica police who seized the chief of the island's Mau-Mau-like rebel Ras Tafarians reported finding correspondence with Castro officials. *Revolución*, Castro's newspaper mouthpiece, devoted a 40-page supplement to calling Puerto Rico "a slave territory of America." Communist-lining Cheddi Jagan, a political power in British Guiana, got a red-carpet welcome in Havana.

**Earthquake Aid: Propaganda.** Pamphlets, manifestoes, films and books pour from Havana to the hemisphere. Brazilian cops raiding a Cuban attaché's hideout found posters calling for "Green and Yellow [Brazil's colors] Revolution." Chilean officials, looking through a ton and a half earthquake-relief shipment flown in by a

Cuban plane, discovered that it was all propaganda and impounded the lot.

As the little Comintern of the Western Hemisphere, Havana has also become a sort of branch office where Communists and their collaborators check in. Recent visitors to Havana range from Mexican Artist-Communist David Alfaro Siqueiros (see Mexico) to a couple of Costa Rican banana-union bosses who stopped in en route home from Moscow. The effect of this spreads all over the map. In Managua, Nicaragua, students rioted, burned the U.S. military attaché's car, demanded that Roosevelt Avenue be renamed after Augusto Sandino, Yankee-hating Nicaraguan rebel of the '20s. In Ecuador, students and white-collar workers formed a Revolutionary Union of Ecuadorian Youth and donned Sierra Maestra-type khaki uniforms. In Bogotá, rioting pro-Castro students burned Uncle Sam in effigy.

**The Alarmed Reaction.** Castro's very success at exporting revolution is breeding a reaction. After an initial flirtation with the Cubans, liberal and leftist parties in Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, Costa Rica and Honduras have begun to rid themselves of radical Castro supporters. Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, a stubborn early friend of the Cuban revolution, last week got fed up and demanded recall of the acting Cuban consul, charging that she was encouraging Puerto Rican separatist plotters to visit Havana. Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt and Costa Rica's ex-President José Figueres, both left of center, are no longer on speaking terms with Castro.

El Salvador, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Venezuela, and Guatemala have forced out Cuban envoys or broken off diplomatic relations. Colombia's President Alberto Lleras Camargo warned that he would break relations "with any state which tries to utilize diplomatic privileges to inflict damages on us." Peru summoned the OAS to consider Red infiltration into the Hemisphere (see *The Americas*).

Many Cuban career diplomats, dismayed by Castro's use of embassies for revolution, have either quit or invited purging. Out so far: at least a dozen officers, including the ambassadors to Bonn, London, Ottawa, Bern, Rome, San Salvador. Last week Havana's vice consul in Los Angeles, a diplomat for 18 years, proudly resigned from "Castro Brothers & Co., exclusive representatives of Moscow and Peking in America."

## PEOPLE

The true Manhattan snob boasts that he never goes to the pier-fringed West Side except when sailing to Europe. In that spirit, actress **Tallulah Bankhead** last week lamented to a *New York Times* man that she will soon be forced to journey west to begin rehearsals for her first Broadway appearance since 1957, the title role in *Midgie Purvis*, a new farce by Mary Chase. Said Tallulah in her Far East town house: "I never leave the East Side. I haven't been to a nightclub in ten years, and the theater bores me—and besides, I haven't got any clothes." Skipping blithely to politics, good Democrat Bankhead told of her active campaign plans. Over a spot of "unspiced tomato juice," she drawled: "I hope the Republicans won't hold this against me. Some of my best friends are Republicans. They have all the money, and they're the ones who can afford to buy tickets to my play."

When **Harold Macmillan** recently moved out, workmen began an extensive renovation of London's No. 10 Downing Street, official residence of Britain's Prime Ministers since 1735. A functionary last week cited a glaring instance of the antiquated state of things: "The Prime Minister had to run the water for his bath longer than the rest of us. That doesn't seem right, does it?"

Jordan's foremost exponent of speed dashing young **King Hussein**, 24, will try any means of locomotion once. Last week on an airfield near his capital of Amman, Hussein—looking a little bit like a young Thomas E. Dewey—climbed into one of the latest species of automobiles, a "go kart," a low-center-of-gravity vehicle that can hit speeds of up to 85 m.p.h. Driving the little racer, which affords drivers an

illusion of Grand Prix speeds, brought a grin to Hussein, who normally makes time in road-burning sports cars or jets.

In Hollywood a \$400,000 "malicious libel" suit was brought against Hollywood's city fathers by actor **Charles Chaplin Jr.** The libel claimed by young Chaplin, son of Swiss-exiled Comedian Charlie Chaplin, is, oddly, not in anything written but in the conspicuous omission of Charlie's name from a stretch of pavement that will be known as the Hollywood "Walk of Fame," bearing the inscribed names of some 1,500 Hollywood stars, past and present. Chaplin Jr. sees his father's failure to get star billing in cement as tantamount to public disgrace. At the very least, it is ingratitude.

Through two previous deferments, Paris willowy Couturier **Yves Saint-Laurent**, 24, boy wonder of the House of Dior, has avoided a 27-month draft hitch in the French army. The deferments made sense of a sort: Saint-Laurent, a frail fellow, is a key figure in France's fashion industry. But last week the army rejected his third request to stay bivouacked in his salon. On Sept. 1 he will report for his physical examination, presumably soon thereafter be dreaming of furloughs instead of furlongs.

Listening attentively for the peal of wedding bells, newsmen in Monaco kept their gaze focused on Greek Shipping King **Aristotle Socrates Onassis**, recently divorced by his wife Tina, and his great and dear songbird, Soprano **Maria Callas**, legally separated from her Italian industrialist husband. The two were together in a gilded cage: the Monte Carlo Casino at a Red Cross charity affair presided



ONASSIS & FRIEND  
An intimation of bliss.

over by Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace (who is fonder of Maria than she was of Tina). After the ball, Maria flew off to Athens for three evenings of singing. After a stop in a chic Monaco jewelry emporium, Onassis followed her. Will they marry? Maria won't talk; and Onassis is almost as uninformative, in a guileful way: he tells reporters to say anything they wish about Maria and him.

"We've done this stunt often enough," grumped **Herbert Hoover** upon meeting newsmen in his suite in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers. But the reporters insisted that he should say something on the eve of his 86th birthday, so Grand Old Republican Hoover slyly drew out a prepared statement that he read in 16 minutes, then parried with his interrogators. Who's he going to vote for in November? "The party that honored me with the presidency. I have no doubt that also applies to my friend, former President Truman." Will religion loom large as a campaign issue? Rumbled the Quaker who defeated Roman Catholic Alfred E. Smith in the 1928 presidential race: "It's a dreadful idea. I abhor bigotry. I denounced it half a dozen times in the 1928 campaign and thousands of other times." His reaction to Nikita Khrushchev's boast that in two more generations the U.S. will live under Communism: "That ain't so! Our republic is not in its decline and fall."

Less than a fortnight after his model butler, Thomas Cronin, exited in exasperation from the semi-royal household, Britain's **Antony Armstrong-Jones** suffered another loss. The latest departure: Tony's gentleman's gentleman, Footman-Valet Bernard McBride, who resigned, according to one rumor, because Princess Margaret's husband is sometimes so indifferent to his wardrobe that he scarcely needs a coat hanger, much less a valet.



KING HUSSEIN  
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# MUSIC

## Radical from Connecticut

Arnold Schoenberg, himself a revolutionary composer when Ives's music was more respected than played, thought his adopted country was overlooking a native genius. "There is a great man living in this country—a composer. He has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt. He is not forced to accept praise or blame. His name is Ives."

There are some who now argue that Charles Edward Ives is the finest composer the U.S. has produced. But back in 1945, when Schoenberg singled him out, Ives was a name only to a handful of professionals, though he had anticipated Schoenberg's experiments in atonality by two decades. Not until two years later did really popular recognition begin to even the score. When Ives got the 1947 Pulitzer Prize (for a composition that lay unplayed in his West Redding, Conn. barn for more than 40 years), he was already 72. Last week, when the first American recording of his *Second Symphony*, performed by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, was released by Columbia, the old man had been dead for six years.

The *Second Symphony* is less radical than many of Ives's works. A passionate, lyrical piece, it contains unmistakable echoes of the great German romantics—Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner—but positioned neatly after their Olympian periods are Ives's variations on *Turkey in the Straws*, *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, even that old Dartmouth drinking song, *Where, Oh Where, Are the Pea-Green Freshmen?* After passages of spacious solemnity, the horns break suddenly into a capering phrase from *Cumtowntown Races*; in the midst of the frenzied final movement, doleful woodwinds sound forth with *Old Black Joe*. Even the ending is typically Ivesian: the entire orchestra comes in with a raucous, jeering cluster of chords.

**Ragtime Rhythms.** Born in Danbury, Conn., Ives got his early musical training from his father, who was a bandmaster in General Grant's army.<sup>6</sup> The elder Ives was an inveterate experimenter with sound; to get new group effects he would place part of his band on the village green in Danbury, part in a church steeple, and the rest on the roof of a house on Main Street, inviting them all to play together. By the time young Charles Ives got to Yale, he was already shocking his instructors with his own experiments on weird harmonies and erratic rhythms.

Although an early admirer of Wagner ("Richie Wagner did get away occasionally from doh, me, so," he wrote, "which

<sup>6</sup> It was at an Ives band concert that Grant made his famous reply to Lincoln when asked if he enjoyed the music: "I can't tell," he said. "I know two tunes: one is *Yankee Doodle* and the other isn't. Which one did the band play?"

was more than some others did"). Ives realized that he himself could not express what he wanted to say within the romantic tradition. Long before Schoenberg, Stravinsky and other modernists, he experimented with ragtime rhythms and dissonance. A practical man, he also recognized that there was no public for that kind of music, and he was far too independent to try to change his style. Some time before he married his wife, Harmony, he decided that rather than "starve on dissonances" he would go into the insurance business. He worked first as a



CHARLES EDWARD IVES  
Like Richie, away from doh, me, so.

clerk at Mutual Life, later helped found the firm of Ives & Myrick, which by the time of his retirement in 1930 was the largest insurance agency in the nation. Ives saw no conflict between the life of a businessman and the life of a composer: "The fabric of existence weaves itself whole. You cannot set an art off in a corner and hope for it to have vitality, reality and substance. My work in music helped my business and my work in business helped my music."

**Double Life.** Until ill health forced his retirement (a nervous disorder affected his hearing so that high-pitched notes came through to him tremulous and distorted), Ives led a demanding double life: he composed on weekends; during his lunch hours and en route from New York to his weekend retreat in Connecticut. Somehow, he turned out a tremendous quantity of work, only a fraction of which has survived (five symphonies, some violin and piano music, more than 120 songs, and the fine choral work, *Lincoln the Great Commoner*).

Charles Ives had so little hope of his

music's being performed that he scrawled most of his scores in pencil, then stuffed them haphazardly in bureau drawers or discarded them. As his health failed, he composed less and less (most of his major works were written before 1920) and withdrew increasingly from the outside world. He rarely would see visitors at his house in West Redding, never read a newspaper, refused to own either a radio or a phonograph. He was not even aware that in Europe, Schoenberg and his disciples were creating a new musical language, having independently attempted many of the experiments that Ives had performed so long before. But gradually, word of Ives's work spread among musicians, and his difficult compositions began to be heard. An astounded Paris critic summed up his achievement: "Charles Ives seems to have created, before the *Sacre du Printemps*, a style which by its audacities places its author among the pioneers of music."

## Handcuffs & Headlines

In a lonesome prison cell in darkest Russia  
There's a flyer, Francis Powers is his name  
He was captured on a mission for his country  
And he'll never see "Old Glory" wave again.

These dismal lyrics are modestly acknowledged by their author to be "the last great hope of the world." If they catch on, he argues, they will shame the Russians into releasing U-2 Pilot Powers; if they fail, the U.S. can expect total war. By last week, the twangy contribution to international amity had notched its sixth week on the pop charts, and this more limited achievement seemed to be enough to please the man responsible: 45-year-old Country-Western Singer Dave McEnery, known to his fans as Red River Dave.

McEnery, who claims to have turned out more than 1,000 songs, makes a specialty of trying to turn headlines into hits. He has written remarkably tasteless salutes to the memories of Amelia Earhart, Floyd Collins and Emmett Till, and he still cannot understand why a ballad about Evangelist Billy Graham prompted threats of a lawsuit (sample lyrics: "To the hills of North Carolina, Where the Smokies dot the land, God sent a new boy baby. And he called him Billy Graham"). Fourteen years ago, McEnery also achieved some slight notoriety by handcuffing himself to a piano and writing 52 original songs in eight hours without getting up. When the plight of Pilot Powers swam into McEnery's vision, he waited, he says, to be sure that Powers was "a real American hero" and not "a turncoat or something like that," then quickly ground out the lyrics and set them to the music of *There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere*. So far, Nikita Khrushchev has not even bothered to acknowledge the copy of the song Red River sent him.



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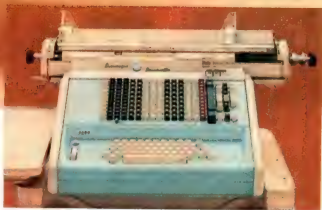
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# EDUCATION

## Getting Smarter All the Time

Cast a comfortable glance at the hordes outside its doors. Harvard this week totted up the effect that higher and higher selectivity is having on its own products. Of this June's 989 graduates: 41 more (4.2%) graduated from Harvard with honors than without. The main upsurge was in *magna cum laude* degrees (1,790) and *cum laude* (1,300), which were won by 48% of the graduating class.

41 Dozens won other prizes. Among them: 28 Woodrow Wilson Fellowships, 20 National Science Foundation Fellowships, twelve Fulbright grants, six Marshall Scholarships and seven Rhodes Scholarships, the largest number from any one college in history.

41 A record 82% of the class aims for graduate school eventually. Almost half of the class applied to Harvard's graduate schools, and one-quarter have been admitted, most of them to the law school (50) and medical school (27).

41 Only one man in six anticipates immediate military service. The biggest single group of graduates going to work immediately (261) is headed for engineering and electronics. The smallest group (four) will try journalism. Only eleven are going into banking, and only 30 are still looking for jobs.

## Roman Holiday

As the big buses from 32 states rolled into Albuquerque last week, 1,129 teenage voices inside howled in eerie chorus. The tunes sounded oddly like *Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here* and *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*. They came out as "To, Io, omnes adsum, Quid curae est nobis? Quid curae est nobis . . ." and "Vocabo te amicum. Ego amo te. Audiam te dicere. Te amare me . . ." It was the Junior Classical League, holding its seventh national convention at the University of New Mexico.

Latin is supposedly dead: half the country's public high school youngsters studied it in 1900; only 6.9% did in 1953. But those for whom it is a living language have increased their ardor. The Junior Classical League, which had 11,000 members ten years ago, now has 74,014, and chapters in 46 states. Some 47,000 high school students will take Latin this year, and classicists say that the number would double if there were enough teachers to go around.

Last week, in togas and sandals, the Junior Classical League delegates made New Mexico's neo-Pueblo campus look like a set from *Ben-Hur*. Gorged on deviled eggs in the Student Union, supine banqueters cheered a female snake dancer. Borne on a litter into the football stadium, purple-robed League President Ernest ("The Emperor") Polansky, 18, gave his pagan blessing to Olympic games, complete with chariot races. In deadly earnest, white-robed candidates for top offices politicked in the ballroom. Taking

no chances, they made their convention pitches in English.

Nearly all the 155 adults chaperoning these proceedings believed that they saw a rebirth of Latin back home. In Charleston, S. Dak., Latin was so unpopular six years ago that it was almost dropped; now one school has 88 Latin students. Arkansas has 60 Latin teachers, could use 32 more. In missile-minded Cheyenne, Wyo., sons of the Air Force's Atlas tenders are stoutly conjugating *mittere* ("to send"). But apparently, only a few youngsters mull over the ablative absolute out of sheer joy. Said Teacher Belle Gould of Henderson (Texas) High School last



CONVENTIONEERING JUNIOR CLASSICISTS IN CHARIOT RACE  
Dead? It didn't even hurt a bit.

Ardu Gregg

week: "Some of my students asked at mid-term if they could drop Latin and still come to this convention. I said no. So they stayed with Latin, and it didn't hurt them a bit."

## Capital Man

Dreaming of a great university in the nation's capital, George Washington bequeathed fifty shares in the Potomac (Canal) Co. for just that purpose. The shares turned out to be worthless, and The George Washington University has yet to fulfill its patron's capital dream. But last week George Washington, after an 18-month culling of 130 candidates, picked a new president who yearns to do the job. He is Thomas Henry Carroll II, 46, vice president of the Ford Foundation, and holder of one of the most impressive résumés ever scrutinized by a college board of trustees.

Economist Carroll comes of a pioneering California family: one branch sailed around the Horn, the other crossed the continent by oxcart. At 25, he was both an assistant professor and an assistant dean at Harvard's business school. In World War II the Navy put him in charge of recruiting all officer candidates. At 32, he took on the deanship of Syracuse University's sagging business school. He remade the school, went on to do the same

job at the University of North Carolina. In 1948 he was called on to help organize the \$3 billion Ford Foundation. He has since disbursed some \$50 million to jack up economic research on campuses across the world. His passionate interest: broadening management training, which he defines as "preparation for an uncertain future."

Carroll's future is clouded by George Washington's past. The red brick campus near Foggy Bottom has 11,000 students, a fine medical school, a superb location three blocks from the White House. But under the 32-year reign of President Cloyd H. Marvin, who resigned last year, George Washington never really took fire. It looks and acts like a commuter college, and two-thirds of its faculty (643) work

part time. "We have a good university," says Board Chairman Newell W. Ellison, "but it isn't what it ought to be."

As 13th president, Carroll will teach economic development and tackle an ambitious plan to nearly double the university's physical size. First goal: housing a national law center, where diplomats of emerging nations may one day study democracy's rule of law. Other goals: more labs, classrooms, dormitories and scholarships to draw top students from all 50 states and the world. President-elect Carroll, who thinks that George Washington "would be well advised to elevate its admission standards," has more plans that "will mean an awful lot of work for everyone." His model is Harvard, and he wants it to be understood that "Washington is not Oshkosh."

## Read Faster & Better

To read 2,500 words a minute—ten times the average American's reading rate—is almost to qualify someone as a freak or a genius. Last week, at the new Reading Dynamics Institute in Washington, D.C., one part college girl cheered up a sociology textbook at the rate of 14,000 w.p.m. Other students, from lawyers to Senators, mined such lodes of logorrhea as *Anthony Adverse* in less than two hours. What's more, they developed al-

most total recall: the whole point was comprehension. Washington has seen nothing like it since the days when Teddy Roosevelt read three books a day and ran the country at the same time.

Founder of the institute is slim, earnest. Schoolteacher Evelyn Nielsen Wood, 51, who first caught the fast-reading bug 15 years ago when she handed a master's-degree term paper to her speech professor at the University of Utah. He flipped the 80 pages once—and marked the paper without missing a detail. His untrained speed: 6,000 w.p.m. Teacher Wood found 50 other such prodigies, including housewives and a shepherd. All had common characteristics: they read whole paragraphs at a time, remembered everything. Concluded Teacher Wood: "Speed is not most important, but only through speed do you get good comprehension."

**Whirlaway.** Analyzing the prodigies' habits, Teacher Wood slowly evolved a new technique, practiced it for years on high school and college students in Utah. She calls it "a process of reading rapidly down the page, allowing the eyes to trigger the mind directly and eliminating the necessity of saying, hearing or thinking the sound of words." Mrs. Wood thinks most people are "sub-vocalizers" or inward lip-readers. Just as a pilot is aware of many things at once, her students learn to steep themselves in a book's total mood and meaning. "You see more than a single detail in a picture," she explains. "You see the whole thing."

The eyes of easily distracted average readers regress eight to eleven times per 100 words. Teacher Wood's beginning students curb this tendency by running their fingers under each line, then every other line, until they learn the "whirlaway motion"—a series of circular sweeps down the middle of the page. In 24-hour sessions (plus one hour of daily practice), they read faster and faster against a clock, get constant quizzes on comprehension.

**Total Impact.** Then comes a key technique: how to "organize" a book before reading it. For example, a reader outlines a textbook as if he were writing it, always knows what comes next. A novel is skimmed first to get the characters straight, then read, then reviewed. In this way, a Woodman can mop up *Dr. Zhivago* in one hour. "You don't see the words as words," says Teacher Wood. "The story rolls in to you. You get the total impact."

Launched last fall, the 30-hour course (\$150) is so successful that Teacher Wood plans to open branches this fall in Atlanta, Minneapolis and New York City. Last week, having already taught some 1,250 students in Washington, she had a long list of glowing testimonials. A Wilmington librarian actually hit 20,000 w.p.m. Georgia's Senator Herman Talmadge calls his improvement "fantastic," says that setting up the technique in all Georgia schools "would be worth a \$1,000,000-a-year appropriation." Predicts one of five fascinated General Electric engineers, who are now analyzing the method to see if it can help computer operations: "A storm will come up when this breaks."

## "We're Ready"

The rigors of the trials were over, the showdown at Rome was still a fortnight away, but the U.S. Olympic men's track and field team was in no relaxing mood. The big idea at the final tune-up meet at California's Mount San Antonio College, explained Hammer Thrower Hal Connolly, was "to go over there to Rome with something to scare 'em with." The scare was there: in one evening the U.S. stars broke four world records and tied two more.

The evening was still young when Connolly himself let loose a heave that sent



Associated Press

**JUMPER BOSTON**  
Something to scare 'em with.

the hammer thudding to earth 230 ft. 9 in. away—thereby breaking his own world record by 5 ft. 5 in. Discus thrower Rink Babka, 23, equaled the world record of Poland's Edmund Piotowski twice, with tosses that went 196 ft. 6½ in. Shot-putter Bill Nieder, 26, had a special incentive to go for broke. Hampered by an injured knee at the July trials, he had made the Olympic squad only as an alternate, though he holds the world record of 65 ft. 7 in. Out to prove his ability, Nieder put the shot 65 ft. 10 in., and learned the following morning that he had been moved up on the squad in place of Dave Davis, who has a bad wrist. Said Nieder: "I just wanted to show that I don't choke."

In practice earlier this month, Sprinter Dave Sime, 23, had looked so fast in the 100 meters that he seemed to have won third place on the team from Paul Winder, 22, who had put the issue in doubt by tying him for third in the trials. At Mount

San Antonio, Sime whisked home in 10.1 sec. to tie the listed world record, sew up his place on the team.

But the most impressive feat of the night was scored by a lean, relaxed broad jumper from Laurel, Miss., named Ralph Boston. Delighted with the feel of the runway, Boston could hardly wait to begin jumping, remained undismayed even after spiking his knee so badly on an early try that he needed three stitches. Three times he flew over 26 ft. Then, arms flailing, Boston soared 26 ft. 11½ in. to break by 3 in. the world record of Jesse Owens, a landmark of track that had stood for 25 years while every other standard was crumbling away. "Jesse said it was all right to break it," said Boston. "He said he was tired of it."

The spree was record-breaking enough to move even Olympic Coach Larry Snyder to laconic optimism when he contemplated the coming battle in Rome. Said he: "I'd say we were ready."

## It's a Ball

Beneath the low-slung hood snorts a cocky engine that is even smaller than the put-putter of the family Volkswagen (1,100 cc. v. 1,192 cc.). But everything else about the racing machine is big league, from the rakish cut of its body to its four-speed gearbox and cat-footed suspensions. Last week a buzzing swarm of the precocious big-little cars performed before an audience of 5,000 at Lime Rock, Conn. in a battle of agility and speed that was finally won by Harry Carter in a Lotus with an average speed of 78.18 m.p.h. At dozens of the top tracks across the U.S. and Europe, the newest craze in auto racing is Formula Junior competition, a kind of half-pint Grand Prix.

The first Formula Juniors were built in Italy three years ago as a safe and sane training car for Grand Prix drivers. Appalled by the dearth of first-class Italian drivers, Count Giovanni Lurani, an oldtime competitor himself, got together with drivers and automakers to devise a small sandlot version of the bellowing, big-engined (2,500 cc.) Ferraris and Maseratis—just as the familiar midsize racers are pocket-sized editions of the Indianapolis "big cars." To make it safe, the Formula Junior got its dimmy engine. To make it cheap, the class was restricted to using parts from standard touring sports cars. But while the Formula Junior is indeed cheaper (\$4,000 v. \$15,000) and slower (125 m.p.h. v. 160 m.p.h.), it is also a good deal more nimble. When the Formula Junior hit the U.S. last year, drivers were so delighted that the car has become the fastest-growing class in the Sports Car Club of America. Says veteran U.S. Driver Augie Pabst: "In a Formula Junior, you can stop quick and corner fast. Frankly, it's a ball."

**Bane or boon?** Even so, the success of the Formula Junior is worrying many of its original backers. Many of the first cars



FORMULA JUNIORS  
Everything but the engine.

were slapped together by backyard mechanics, and the races had a pleasantly informal air. Now the winning cars come almost exclusively from more than 30 Italian, English, French and U.S. firms—including renowned racing names like Lotus, Cooper and OSCA—who are building the new cars at peak capacity. Europeans are grooming their Formula Junior cars with Grand Prix care and cash. When New York's grand old Vanderbilt Cup was revived in June after a 22-year lapse, the promoters shrewdly chose the Formula Junior as the competition class, drew such top drivers as Walt Hansgen, Carroll Shelby, George Constantine and Jim Rathmann, winner of this year's rugged Indianapolis 500.

Crack Formula Junior mechanics and drivers are now getting their cars up to within a few m.p.h. of Grand Prix racers themselves on some tracks. At Salerno, Italy last month, a 27-year-old Belgian businessman, George Saveniers, ran off a curve in a Cooper, killed himself and a spectator and injured 10 others. Italy's Gianpaolo Volpini, builder of one of the hottest Formula Junior cars, says bluntly that drivers are courting suicide when they push the car beyond its theoretical limit of 110 m.p.h. And the *Fédération Française des Sports* had some words of misgiving: "Formula Junior cars were meant to be something between glorified hot-rods and disenchanted Ferraris. But now the class has grown from the race of the weekend amateur to a fulltime sport every bit as competitive as Grand Prix racing."

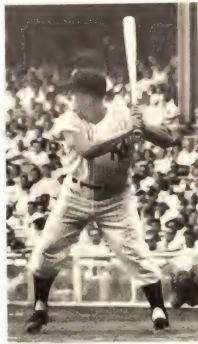
### "When I Am Hitting . . ."

"When I'm not hitting," says New York Yankees Right Fielder Roger Maris. "my wife could be pitching and get me out." Then he adds: "But when I am hitting, you watch out." With the 1960 baseball season entering its steaming final phases, there is no question at all about whether Roger Maris is hitting: as of last weekend, with a respectable batting average of .296, he was leading both leagues in home runs with 35, and in runs-batted-in, with a remarkable 94. By near-unanimous agreement the Yankees' Roger Maris, at 25, has played his way

into the ranks of the tiny band of baseball's true stars.

Blond and crew-cut, with a jutting jaw and cold green eyes, Maris is all athlete. He stands an even 6 ft., weighs 202 lbs., and although by baseball's terms he is known as a wrist hitter, the description is not quite accurate. "Maris," says Yankee Coach Ralph Houk, "is powerful all over." Raised in North Dakota, the son of a supervisor for the Great Northern Railway, he was a phenomenal high school football player. But as he himself admits, Maris is something less than *can* lands off the athletic field, and though scouted as a promising halfback by the University of Oklahoma, he got no further than high school. Says he: "I guess I wasn't smart enough."

**Long Trail Unwinding.** A natural athlete, it still took him a while and some



YANKEES' MARIS  
Every swing for the Series.

frustrations to get where he is. As a Cleveland Indians rookie in 1957, he fractured a rib in a collision at second base, hit a sorry .235 in 116 games. Traded the next season to the Kansas City Athletics, Maris doubled his home run output to 38, batted in 80 runs—but still fell far short of promise. Last year in Kansas City, he led the league in batting at one point despite being sidelined for an appendectomy. But he ended the season with a disappointing .273 and was traded during the winter to the Yankees.

On the opening day of the 1960 season, Roger Maris served notice that he had finally come into his own: he smashed two homers, a double and a single. He has been going ever since. Says Yankee superstar Mickey Mantle, just a little wistfully: "I never saw anybody hit so much." What is more, Maris is an all-round star who has speed on the basepaths and a flat-trajectory arm in right field.

**Sixty in '60?** Maris' phlegmatic front conceals an intense competitive spirit. Where others go through the motions in batting practice, Maris digs in, swings as though the deciding game of the World Series is at stake. In a late inning of a recent game, with the Yankees far out in front, Maris broke up a double play by almost tearing the legs off Athletics Second Baseman Jerry Lumpe as he slid in. He has tumbled over the fence in Yankee Stadium while trying to get his glove on a home run. After a game, Maris, brooding over a Coke or a beer, is one of the last Yankees out of the dressing room, taking an hour or more to unwind.

Last week, playing his usual rough game, Maris banged up his ribs in a collision on the basepaths and had to leave the field. But no one thought the injury would keep Maris out of the line-up for long. For the only real difference between the Yankees who finished a dismal third last year and this season's pennant contenders is Maris. What the injury certainly did was to hurt Maris' chances of bettering Babe Ruth's 1927 record of 60 home runs. But that was the last thing Roger Maris was worried about. Said he: "I don't care about Babe Ruth's record. I don't give a damn if he hit 900 home runs. It doesn't help me or the team any."

## SCIENCE



X-15 HEADING FOR ALTITUDE RECORD

In one week, a dart into the dark, a message through space, a return from orbit.

### Deep Blue Yonder

Even to a seasoned veteran of the clouds like Air Force Major Robert White, 36, it was exhilarating up there, higher than man had ever flown before.

His voice crackled in the earphones of earthbound observers at Edwards Air Force Base in California's sprawling, sun-drenched Mojave Desert. "This is fantastic," White cried. "This is really fantastic up here." At that moment, he was an estimated 131,000 ft. above the earth, nearly 25 miles. He was flying a rocket-powered X-15, North American's Black Dart, which only eight days before had set another record—traveling at the fastest speed in history, 2,196 m.p.h.

What did he see? "It was a very deep blue, but not exactly like night. There was a distinct contrast. Your view encompasses three distinct bands—the earth, the light blue of the sky and then the very deep blue of extreme altitude. At the altitude I normally fly—40,000 to 50,000 ft.—I can see hundreds of square miles of the earth's surface. This time, I took in ten times that much."

In science's swift-moving state, the present achievements of the X-15 are but a prelude to what is expected of it when it is outfitted with new high-powered rocket engines this fall. Says Test Pilot White exultantly: "I would have no qualms about going higher."

### A Different Drummer

The scene was tense, the room hushed. At a barren table in the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Holmdel, N.J., Dr. John Robinson Pierce gulped coffee and nibbled nervously on a doughnut. A loudspeaker clicked on, long enough for a brief, metallic announcement: "Trinidad still tracking." Fidgeting, Pierce waited in the silence that followed, twisting the coffee cup in his hands. Suddenly, the speaker crackled again, and an excited voice relayed a message from Australia: "Woomera has it!" Pierce leaped out of his chair, his glasses

bouncing on his nose. "It's in orbit," he cried. "Echo is in orbit."

An hour later, a familiar voice filled the room: "This is President Eisenhower speaking." The President's words, spoken into a White House tape recorder months before, had just been broadcast from Goldstone, Calif., and had carried clearly across 2,500 miles of space to Holmdel's horn-shaped antenna. It was a major space-age breakthrough. After one earlier failure, the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration had successfully launched an Echo satellite, a huge, metalized balloon capable of reflecting radio messages from earth. The U.S. thus opened the door to a new system of intercontinental communications unaffected by either the curvature of the earth's surface or atmospheric disturbance.

**Long & Hard.** The biggest man-made object ever placed in space, Echo I is a plastic balloon as high as a ten-story building, with an aluminum coat that re-

flects radiomagnetic waves of frequencies up to 30,000 megacycles. Its skin is only .0001 in. thick—about half as thick as the cellophane on a pack of cigarettes. Packed accordion-fashion into the nose of a Thor-Delta rocket fired from Cape Canaveral, the 136-lb. satellite was filled with sublimating powders that expanded into gas in the direct rays of the sun and caused the balloon to inflate itself in orbit.

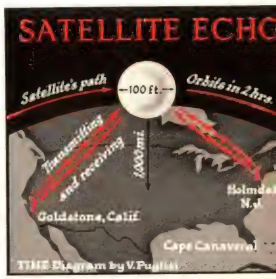
Its orbit was a triumph of precision. Echo I was circling the earth once every 121.6 min. at altitudes ranging from 1,013 to 1,160 miles. It deviated from its planned course by only one-tenth of a degree and four miles of altitude. Visible as the brightest stars in the night sky, it was quickly sighted by observers in England, Australia and Japan. After it has been bombarded by meteorites and misshapen by the cold of sunless space, it is anybody's guess how long Echo I will remain on course. But this did not diminish the jubilation of scientists. Said Dr. Keith Glennan of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration: "It has been a long, hard road, but it is awfully nice to come to the end of it with success."

**Hardest & Sweetest.** The road has been hardest and success sweetest for Bell Telephone's wisp (125 lbs.) Dr. Pierce, at California Institute of Technology. Pierce, 50, studied chemical engineering, switched to aeronautics and then ("I got bored drawing rivets") to electronics. Holder of 55 electronics patents, Pierce has written three technical books and seven (under the pseudonym of J. J. Coupling), science-fiction stories. His first space-fiction yarn, written in high school, described the abduction of New York's Woolworth Building by aliens from Outer Space.

Pierce proposed the construction of communications satellites back in 1955, two years before Russia launched Sputnik. He found no takers. Then, when he learned three years later that NASA was experimenting with large, inflatable satellites—but to test air resistance, not space communications—Pierce took his case in



Elliott Smith-Mason  
BELL LABS' PIERCE



person to Washington. He persuaded Sputnik-shocked Government officials to set aside funds for a space project that, however practical, was noncompetitive with Russia. Pierce's proposal was pragmatic indeed: in 1927, U.S. overseas telephone calls totaled only 11,000; last year 3,000,000 intercontinental calls were placed from the U.S. Dr. Pierce reasoned that a string of reflecting satellites would provide the U.S. with an all-weather, broad-band communications system capable of handling 1,000 intercontinental telephone, radio and television signals simultaneously.

Making the point that while the U.S.S.R. uses its satellites for propaganda, the U.S. should put its space efforts to practical purposes, Pierce recalled a passage from Thoreau's *Walden*: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." Added Pierce: "Perhaps we hear a different drummer."

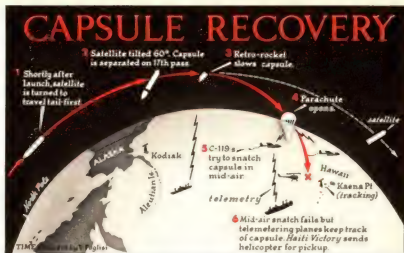
Last week at Holmdel, Scientist Pierce listened attentively to President Eisenhower's brief message from space and allowed with considerable understatement:

"Project Echo seems to be something of practical importance." Then he drove the 34 miles to his home in Berkeley Heights, N.J., rested briefly, and went out to paint his garage—while Echo I, the product of his imagination and initiative, signaled another first in man's space adventures.

## "Pretty Darned Good"

After months of frustration came the moment of triumph.

The Air Force's costly Discoverer program was an immensely sophisticated effort, but so simple to score that it seemed to be just one failure after another. Its expense, climbing to \$100 million this year alone, made it a target for cost-conscious critics, and the army of carpenter-sweated with each failure and half-success. Twelve times a Discoverer satellite had been fired, atop a two-stage Thor-Agena



rocket, from Vandenberg Air Force Base, Calif.; twelve times it had failed to accomplish its total mission. To prepare the way for that day when a man can be shot into space and brought back alive, Discoverer's task was to control a satellite at will in its orbit and guide it back for recovery, undamaged, at a specific point on the earth's surface.

Discoverer's margin of failure was irritatingly small. Not once had the Thor booster failed to carry its instrument-packed burden off the launching pad. Only on one occasion, when Discoverer IX was purposely destroyed 56 sec. after launching, did the second stage fail to separate and ignite. Six times the satellite was successfully guided into orbit and its instrument capsule at an electronic command dropped back toward earth. But none of the capsules was recovered. The other achievements seemed secondary. Public fancy fastened on perhaps the Discoverer program's least important aspect: the attempt to snare the re-entry capsule in mid-air near Hawaii, with nets attached to specially equipped cargo planes. This made it a sort of heavenly baseball game—and the score stood at no runs, no hits, twelve errors. Actually, it mattered little how the capsule was recovered, as long as it was. Last week, one was.

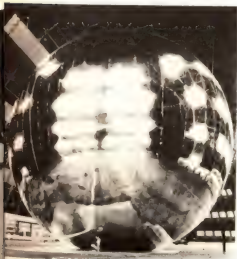
**Sweating It Out.** As Discoverer XIII roared off Vandenberg's launching pad last week, it looked exactly like its predecessors. But one important modification had been made. Speculating that previous re-entry failures had been caused by malfunction of tiny rockets designed to stabilize the satellite in orbit—by causing it to spin like a bullet—Lockheed Aircraft Corp. engineers had replaced the rockets with gas jets, anxiously prayed they had guessed right. In the console-banked control room at Sunnyvale, Calif., Air Force Colonel Charles G. ("Moose") Mathison paced the floor while monitoring the countdown and alerting his worldwide tracking network. After launch, Mathison waited tensely for word that Discoverer was in orbit, broke into a grin at the happy news: Discoverer XIII was on a near-

perfect circular course, only .003 of a degree off its predicted route.

As Discoverer XIII serenely circled the earth, a control station some 300 miles below, in Kodiak, Alaska, took charge. On the satellite's 17th orbit, up to it came an electronic command: Release the instrument capsule. The order triggered a complex, irrevocable sequence of 32 events which permitted no margin for error. Jets first swept the 1,800-lb. satellite's nose downward until it pointed to earth at a 60° angle. Pins kicked loose, freeing the 349-lb. instrument capsule for its descent to earth, and the newly installed gas jets immediately set it spinning at 60 r.p.m. The quick blast of a retro-rocket slowed its speed of descent. As the Discoverer capsule knifed into earth's atmosphere, it stopped spinning, shed all useless encumbrances—its gas jet equipment, the retro-rocket, and the remains of a protective nose cone—and pared itself down to a svelte 123 lbs. At 50,000 ft. the capsule's parachute popped open, and it floated calmly down toward the Pacific, radios jabbering like magpies.

**Lifting It Up.** Discoverer XIII was aimed at a patch of Pacific Ocean 60 miles by 200 miles in size. It hit its target with an accuracy that proved embarrassing to the Air Force: C-119 planes assigned to pluck the capsule from the air with grapples were saturated with radio signals from directly overhead, could not get a fix on its position.

The Navy joyfully jumped to the rescue. Aboard the *Haiti Victory*, 100 miles away, observers pinpointed Discoverer's position by radar, dispatched a helicopter to the scene. As the helicopter hovered 10 ft. above the choppy Pacific, Frogman Robert Carroll leaped into the ocean, strapped a cable to the bobbing satellite and gave the signal to lift away. Discoverer XIII—Lucky Thirteen—had returned safely to earth. Said Lockheed's Missile Chief Herschel Brown: "The U.S. has accomplished an unprecedented first. The Russians have attempted a recovery orbit and failed. We have succeeded—and we feel pretty darned good."



TEN-STORY BALLOON

# THE PRESS

## Last but Not Least

By most standards, among Houston's three daily papers, Scripps-Howard's evening *Press* rates last. With 102,000 in circulation, it is hopelessly behind the evening *Chronicle* (199,128) and the morning *Post* (215,063). Its 40-man editorial staff cannot compare with the *Post's* 90 or the *Chronicle's* 110, and it suffers periodic, crippling talent raids not only by its wealthy rivals but by the other papers in the Scripps-Howard chain; the *Press* has lost three managing editors in the last ten years. All this might be expected to give the *Press* a real weak-sister inferiority complex. Not so: it happens to be the brashest, liveliest and most voluble paper in town.

Far more than the *Post* or the *Chronicle*, the *Press* fills the role of municipal watchdog—with a tendency to yip at everything from murder to pay raises for Houston city councilmen. Alarmed at Houston's high murder rate, the *Press* lashed the city "Murdertown, U.S.A.," campaigned so relentlessly for tighter gun registration laws that it drew scathing mail from nearly every quail-hunting and skeet-shooting type in Texas. Last January, impatient with the slow-moving police investigation into the slaying of Houston Housewife Wilma Selby, the *Press* rapped the police in an editorial and posted a reward for the killer. The chastened police promptly bestirred themselves, within ten days collared Mrs. Selby's murderer (*TIME*, Aug. 15).

**Editorial Boldness.** Houstonians have learned to expect outspokenness from the *Press*, a paper that has little to lose and much to gain from piping up. The *Press's* editorial vigor gains extra measure from the timidity of the *Chronicle* and the *Post*.

Established and prosperous, locked for years in a seesaw battle for economic first place, both papers hesitate to take stands on sensitive issues that, by offending any group, might jeopardize their positions.

On the South's most sensitive issue, the race problem, neither paper has shown any inclination to copy the *Press's* boldness. The *Chronicle* generally temporizes; the *Post*—run by onetime WAC commander Oveta Culp Hobby—usually maintains editorial silence. This month, when Federal District Judge Ben C. Connally ordered the city's laggard school board to step up the rate of public-school integration, only the *Chronicle* and the *Press* editorialized on his decision. The *Chronicle* was mild and vague: "It is hoped that all citizens will cooperate." The *Press* said: "Judge Connally's order is one with which we all can—and must—learn to live."

**Enthusiasm in a Vacuum.** The *Press* often takes the lead in news enterprise. It was the first to expose kickbacks at Houston's city-owned farmer's market, the first to report police shakedowns on small businessmen, the first to note scandals in the U.S. Internal Revenue Service in Texas, the first to spotlight a state pardon and parole board racket.

In the vacuum provided by his competitors, *Press* Editor George Carmack, 53, a 6-ft. 4-in. Tennessean who rose through the Scripps-Howard chain, moves with the enthusiasm of a newsman who would rather be forthright than first. Carmack's small staff cannot hope to outproduce the *Post* and the *Chronicle*, and the paper frequently relies on sheer sensationalism. But with an independence of spirit rare in a chain newspaper, rarer still in Houston the third-ranking Houston *Press* has clearly demonstrated that last is not necessarily least.

## Final Fling

Danton Walker, Broadway columnist for the New York *Daily News*, was neither the first nor the best example of that vaguely journalistic genus, the gossip-monger. In his 23 years of reporting blackwork, rumor, trivia and hearsay, his wit was generally perishable, his essays at political thinking were often bottom drawer (Cuban Dictator Fulgencio Batista was "the most dynamic and forceful personality I ever interviewed"), his prophecies of events were mercifully forgotten, his items were usually inconsequential, though short enough to be mildly habit forming, like peanuts. But he was less given than his predecessors to malice in print, and perhaps more than any of the other gossipists, Danton Walker lived his role.

**A Boulevardier's Eye.** Born July 26, 1899 in Marietta, Ga., he came to have the look of midnight on Times Square: dapper, mustachioed, faintly weary, cheeks feverishly aflame with fine wine. He had the Broadway boulevardier's neon eye for his sort of news; sent in 1935 to the Metropolitan Opera to hear Lily Pons,



Max Peter photo.

DANTON WALKER  
The news was in the navel.

he returned to praise not her larynx but her navel: "Who cares for a matter of pitch when one can gaze upon the loveliest tummy that ever graced the operatic stage?"

As a New York *Times* obituary writer noted stultily last week, this review "seemingly convinced" his publisher that they had a real property on their hands. Launched as a columnist, Walker wrote with an obvious *bon vivant* zest that to *Daily News* readers made substance unnecessary. "I've been accused of being a gourmet," Walker boasted. "Nuts, all I can say is that I have tried everything put before me and never suffered any violent ill effects." A bachelor, he liked ballroom dancing and escaped the heavy bores on his rounds by fleeing to the dance floor. "When you're a columnist," he said in the epilogue to his 1955 autobiography, *Danton's Inferno*, "you have to run just as fast as you can to stay where you are—and I do have that dancing date tomorrow night at El Morocco."

**"Too Much Cha-Cha-Cha."** Early this month, panting a little but seemingly insouciant as ever, Danton Walker dictated a column from his hospital bed in Hyannis, Mass. It was characteristically name-dropping even when the subject was himself. "Too much cha-cha-cha can be dangerous," he wrote, "especially if you try it the Danton Walker way. It resulted in a mild coronary for me brought on by cha-cha-cha lessons which began in West Berlin, starting with a delightful Italian movie doll named Giorgia Moll, continued in Rio de Janeiro with Mrs. Juscelino Kubitschek, First Lady of Brazil, and ended on stage (with Katharine Huntington) in a wharf theater in Provincetown, Mass."

It was his last column, his last fling around the floor. Last week, ten days after suffering the attack, Broadway Columnist Danton Walker died at 61.



George Tucker

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# ART



ARCHITECT PEI



MODEL OF M.I.T.'S EARTH SCIENCES BUILDING

## Flagpole in the Square

When plans were first drawn for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1912, the architect envisioned a grey, classic complex along the Charles River, with no building higher than five stories and a softly rounded dome providing the grace note. But in recent years, expanding M.I.T. has felt cramped on its 115-acre Cambridge campus. Something had to give, and what gave was M.I.T.'s low-lying skyline. The next addition to the campus, to be ready by 1962, will be the 20-story, \$5,000,000 Earth Sciences\* Center, designed by Alumnus Ieoh Ming Pei.

The original idea was only for a nine-story building. But Pei convinced M.I.T. that a high-rise building—M.I.T. frowns at the word skyscraper—would not only help solve M.I.T.'s space problems but would also provide a focus for the other low roofs. The new structure would act like a flagpole in a public square, drawing the surrounding laboratories and dormitories into an organized composition. Since scientists tend to believe that change is the only tradition to operate in, Pei made his case.

**Like an Airplane.** Pei's laboratory is even more daring than it looks. It has no interior columns but is supported by reinforced concrete piers on either side of the building. The piers also hold all the elevators and mechanical equipment. Each floor is hung like a bridge span between the piers. By doing away with interior columns, Pei gives the building open space which can later be converted into either a library or an auditorium. The windows are ovals. Explains Pei: "Since the outer walls are trusses, I had to obey the stress lines developed in the truss. Oval windows were designed because they most closely follow the stress lines, like windows in an airplane."

Son of a Shanghai banker, Pei was born in Canton in 1917, emigrated to the U.S. in 1935 to study architecture at M.I.T. "I did not know what architecture really was in China," he says. "At that time there was no difference between an architect, a construction man, or an engineer." Graduated in 1936, Pei volunteered to work for the National Defense Research

Committee. "I was supposed to be an expert in Japanese construction," he says. "I would have brought photographs of Japanese towns, and I was supposed to figure out the best way to burn them down. It was awful; I don't even like to think about it."

**City Planning.** Once out of the service, he found it "hard for a foreigner to get architectural commissions." Teaching at Harvard in 1948, he was recommended to Builder William Zeckendorf as the kind of architect who could help Zeckendorf in his grandly conceived city projects. Zeckendorf hired him. "In city planning, you need a man like Zeckendorf," says Pei. "Only through men like him can an architect get into urban redevelopment. He can't do it himself, because he has no understanding of land values, movements and trends."

In 1955 Pei set up his own office, now has a staff of 77. His biggest client, accounting for half of his work, is still Zeckendorf's firm of Webb & Knapp. Pei designed Denver's Mile-High Center for Zeckendorf, has also worked with Zeckendorf in Pittsburgh, Washington, Chicago and New York. More and more, though, Pei is setting out on his own. Says he: "The area of speculative real estate building does not alone interest me any more. It's too hard to make good architecture out of real estate building."

## Windswept Family Tree

Marie-Clémentine Valadon assured herself of some notoriety when she casually conceived an illegitimate son in the alleys of Montmartre early in 1883. But Suzanne Valadon—as she was renamed by Toulouse-Lautrec, because Suzanne suited her volatile personality better—yearned to be known as more than the mother of Maurice Utrillo. Determined to be an artist in her own right, she painted crude, strong, frank works. Last week Munich's *Haus der Kunst* was exhibiting a retrospective show that examined the talent of both mother and son.

Neither was burdened with academic art training, but both developed a highly personal style. In an age that no longer considered drawing important, Valadon was a precise draftsman. Such works as *Church Hill in Meudon* (see colors) are candidly realistic, rich in color. Utrillo's palette, on the other hand, was subdued,

limited to only three or four basic colors, mostly white. Mixing zinc white with white plaster, he captured the luminous effect of shimmering sunlight on the stucco walls of Paris. Though his figures are crude and static, and the same Montmartre scene appears over and over again, such buildings as *The Castle at La Ferté-Milon* (see color) have a durability that has seldom been matched.

His pictures might be quiet, but his life was not. A drunk at 13, in an asylum at 18, Utrillo was set to painting as occupational therapy. His mother also got around to art in a casual way. The illegitimate daughter of a seamstress, and a *gamine* of Montmartre, at 15 she aspired to be a trapeze artist with the Cirque Molier in the Place Pigalle. But a fall ended her acrobatic career. She became a model, posed for Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec. Many of the great and small names of the French 19th century art world were her easy lovers, and any one of them might have been Maurice's father. One of her lovers, a journalist and critic named Miguel Utrillo, offered the child his name. The idea pleased everyone except the boy, who for years called himself Maurice Valadon, later signed most of his paintings "Maurice Utrillo V"—the "V" for Valadon.

Violent when drunk, Utrillo was so often in jail that the police kept canvas and oils on hand, persuaded him to paint them pictures before they released him. Suzanne took as her lover—and later married—Utrillo's close friend and fellow traveler of the lower depths, André Uter. Taking charge of the household, Uter carefully cultivated the Utrillo boom that made them all rich.

In his last years Utrillo was kept at his easel by his shrike-like wife, Lucie Valore, spent several hours daily on his knees soothing his demons before a statue of Joan of Arc. But long before he died in 1955, he ranked just behind Picasso, Braque and Matisse as one of the great names in French art.



LUCIE, UTRILLO & SUZANNE

\* Geology, geophysics, geochemistry, oceanography and meteorology.



VALADON'S "CHURCH HILL IN MEYZIEUX," 1917

UTRILLO'S "THE CASTLE AT LA FERTE-MILON," 1912



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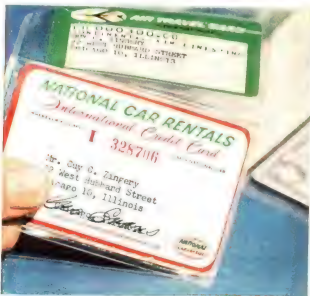
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# CINEMA

## The New Pictures

**The Time Machine** (George Pal: M-G-M) deserves a place on the very short list of good science fiction films partly because its *bokum* is entrancing, its special effects expertly rigged and its monsters sufficiently monstrous. But the picture's major virtue is that its human characters are compounded not of green cheese or ground-up *Dracula* scripts, as is customary in such ventures, but of flesh, blood and imagination.

The yarn, skillfully embroidered by Producer-Director George Pal and Script-writer David Duncan, brings up to date H. G. Wells's 1895 romance. Disheartened by the alarms of his time—Boer War news is bad—an idealistic London inventor, agreeably acted by Rod Taylor, constructs a machine able to move about in time (it bears a plaque reading "Manufactured by H. George Wells"). He invites some incredulous friends to hear his adventures at a dinner five days hence, then eases the throttle forward in search of peace and good will.

Time accelerates abruptly. An apple tree visible from his laboratory window blossoms and bears fruit in an instant, and as the years click by on the time machine's temporal speedometer, a female store dummy in a window across the street does a perpetual striptease. In 1917 the Time Traveler stops, only to learn that the world is at war. He sets out again, but matters get worse. He sees the blitzed London of 1940, then is almost buried during the atomic blowup of 1966.

He emerges in A.D. 802,701 to discover a world populated by a passive and bumbling race called the Eloi—blond youths and maidens who retain little of 20th century cultures except the art of permanent waving and a grim phrase that means peace: "All clear." To his horror, the Time Traveler learns of the Morlocks, a tribe of cavern-dwelling green mutants who breed the Eloi as beef cattle. (Why science fiction's monsters never breed cattle as cattle is perplexing, but perhaps they dislike the taste.) Actor Taylor, of course, does mighty battle to save the Eloi, particularly a charming little cutlet named Weena (Yvette Mimieux), then chugs off to 1900 in time for dinner. Later that night he heads back to 802,701 taking with him three books to re-educate the Eloi. The film ends with an appropriately Welshian riddle: Which three books?

**Jungle Cat** (Buena Vista) is another of Walt Disney's magnificently photographed and sometimes irritatingly edited True-Life Adventures, a series designed to show that the works of nature are almost as manifold as those of the California animator. This time the area filmed by Disney's camera-equipped naturalists (James R. Simon, Lloyd Beebe and the late Hugh Wilmar) is the Amazon rain forest, a jungle so nearly impenetrable that only its major rivers have been named. The re-

gion's thousands of species of plants grow in a steaming tangle, in some places 200 ft. high, and only the animals able to reach the upper levels of this network are safe from the most beautiful and deadly of the jungle's killers, the jaguar.

The cameramen occupy themselves for the most part with the fascinating doings of a jaguar family, and one of their most remarkable invasions of privacy occurs near the film's beginning. A sleek, beautifully spotted 200-lb. female snarls menacingly at an evil-looking black male who prowls through her hunting ground. They clash in what begins, apparently, as a murderous fight. Then the slashing softens to pawing and a fond chewing of necks. One hundred days later, the female gives birth



LAWFORD, MARTIN, SINATRA & DAVIS  
That's the way the kookies rumble.

to two kittens, one black, one spotted.

The education of the kittens includes a comical first swimming lesson and a violent illustration of how to annoy a cayman (South American crocodilian). As the kits watch, the mother creeps up, whacks the tail of an enormous cayman, then darts back as it lunges for her. The game continues until the male jaguar takes over, feints past the cayman's jaws, gets a death grip and drowns the reptile. The jaguars lose no battles, although their prey sometimes escapes. Working singly or as a team, they kill a snorting peccary (wild pig) and a huge boa constrictor, and frighten a tapir out of its scant wits.

The film's narration is neither as dreary as some travelogues nor as good as it could be, but at least it is not coy about the rain forest's frequent deaths. And unlike some of Disney's early wildlife films it lets the animals provide their own humor. The script might have been improved by more scientific detail; adults would have suffered, but youngsters, accustomed to getting missile data on the backs of cereal boxes, would have thrived on it. A more serious flaw is the film's musical score. It is not as objectionably cute as that of *Water Birds*, in which whooping cranes mated to Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*, but it is bad enough. Presumably it is supposed to hype up interest, but jaguars are too accomplished at violence stealing to need help from massed violins.

**Ocean's 11** (Dorchester: Warner) is a dandy illustration of the kind of acute thinking that keeps movie nonsense miles ahead of TV nonsense. When the Pharaohs of the small screen plan another shoot-'em-up, they give the tough-guy hero a routine tough-word last name, such as Gunn or Staccato. Hollywood's mentalists, on the other hand, resorted to nothing so crude in naming the hard case played by Frank Sinatra. They called him Danny Ocean. This not only permits a title too baffling to leave the mind easily; it offers a straight line for any number of jokes (Sinatra an ocean? He ain't even a Scotch and water, etc.).

Danny's eleven consists of himself and ten other ruffians, all former members of a commando-like World War II unit of the 82nd Airborne Division. The old soldiers are played by such members of Sin-

atra's off-screen Clan as Dean Martin, Peter Lawford and Sammy Davis Jr., and a jollier lot has not tripped the screen since *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Their idea of a veterans' meeting is not to salute the flag and then sit down to play pin-ochle; they decide, with the help of an imaginative racketeer (Akim Tamiroff), to rob five Las Vegas casinos at the same time—to wit, when everyone in town is singing *Auld Lang Syne* on New Year's Eve.

It is all funny enough when things finally begin to move. But before things do, Sinatra and his chums spend more time than is really necessary punching each other kiddingly, talking tough to dolls, practicing judo chops on waiters and in general playing themselves. The action, when it comes, is fast and foolish enough to make this one of the more entertaining films of a not-too-entertaining summer. The ending is clever, and what precedes it has a little of everything, including a little wit. There are square jokes for squares (Red Skelton, playing himself, is unable to cash a check) and Clan jokes for Clan fans (Sinatra, disguised in blackface, asks Sammy Davis Jr.: "How do you get this stuff off?"). And for students of the ridiculous, there is a memorable doctor's-office line. Says ailing Richard Conte to a solemn-faced physician: "You can give it to me straight, doc. Is it big casino?"

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by Sam Sneed

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## MEDICINE

### The Pop Hospital

Mrs. Madge Lawson suffered from nothing more serious than varicose veins, but when Dr. Jacob C. Huffman drove her into the West Virginia University Medical Center in Morgantown last week she got a red-carpet reception. While press photographers' bulbs flashed, Mrs. Lawson, 72, got a bouquet from the third-floor nurses and was admitted for a specialist's consultation on whether she should have a ligation (minor surgery to tie off veins). Reason for the whoop-de-do was that Dr. Huffman, president of the State Medical Association, had chosen Mrs. Lawson to be the first patient admitted to the new medical center, one of the nation's most ambitious.

No less remarkable than the fact that West Virginia, a small, poor state, could build the center was the way it was financed. When the center was proposed a decade ago, university spokesmen told the legislature they did not want it unless both building and operating costs could be separately financed and guaranteed. It must not, they insisted, be dependent on the legislature's appropriation whims. Then Governor Okey L. Patterson pushed through a penny-a-bottle "pop tax." Every man, woman and child in the state who has gulped down a soft drink since July 1951 has put up 1¢ for the center. The tax has yielded \$25 million of the \$30 million that the center has cost thus far, and will produce nearly all of the \$1,000,000 annual operating costs.

No matter how financed, says Dr. Kenneth E. Penrod, the medical center's vice president in charge, the center is good for the state's emotional health because it gives the people confidence in their ability to do big things. And the

medical center is big indeed. A single two-wing building, the state's largest houses in one end the classrooms and laboratories for teaching the basic medical sciences in four schools: medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and nursing. With the four schools under one roof, students mingle, learn each other's problems and viewpoints from sharing many of the same lab facilities and teachers. In the Teaching Hospital wing, where Mrs. Lawson was admitted, are beds for 522 patients, ultramodern operating theaters and a variety of outpatient clinics.

Starting from scratch, the center's planners have been able to break with many a hamstringing tradition. In many hospitals, nurses' shifts begin at 7 a.m. (one of the reasons patients are awakened so early), 3 p.m. and 11 p.m. At Morgantown they will start an hour later, giving the patients a break and meshing better with nurses' duties. One of Administrator Eugene L. Staples' many proud exhibits is a food tray with smaller plates and side dishes, based on motivational research. Patients with poor appetites after surgery, he explained, are disturbed by the conventional big plate on which a small portion of food appears to be lost. While they pick at the food, they complain that they are being starved. The same amount of food on smaller, better-designed tableware, says Staples, is more appetizing. Getting the patients to eat better sooner speeds their recovery.

### Loafer's Heart

Every morning last week Dr. Wilhelm Raab, 65, just retired as professor of experimental medicine at the University of Vermont, did 500 half knee bends with arm swings. Before retiring he did another 500. His Boston-born wife Olga, 54, did



WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER AT MORGANTOWN  
Confidence costs only a penny a bottle.

Richard Phillips



Vic Mazer

**EXERCISER RAAB**  
Look funny, live longer.

knee bends too, but usually quit before she hit 200 because, she admits, "I get to giggling over how we must look." Vienna-born Dr. Raab could not care less how he looks so long as he is warding off what he calls "loafer's heart." Dr. Raab never rides in a car or elevator if he can avoid it, wears out six or seven pairs of sole leathers a year. Loafer's heart, he believes, is sapping modern man's strength.

In the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, Dr. Raab accuses U.S. heart researchers of having neglected the relationships between emotional states, biochemical processes and heart disease. Ivan Petrovich Pavlov (1849-1936), patron saint of Russian medicine, was one of the early workers in this field, says Dr. Raab, and the U.S.S.R. is now putting his theories into vigorous practice.

"Athlete's heart," says Dr. Raab, used to be dreaded because it is abnormally large. Physicians now recognize that the trained athlete's heart beats slower than average (about 60 to the minute); it slows down to normal rate more promptly after strenuous exercise, and it has a relatively long resting period between beats.

In the body's balanced nervous and biochemical systems, Dr. Raab holds, there are two complementary mechanisms. One stimulates the heart to work harder and faster, to meet the demands of stress. For reasons that he admits are not yet clear, Dr. Raab believes that lack of steady physical exercise, even by itself, may encourage the stimulatory system to work overtime. Alone, this might not do much harm. But it is most likely to be combined with other factors that are known to damage the heart: prolonged emotional stress, high blood pressure, coronary atherosclerosis and a high-fat diet.

A few hours' exercise on an occasional

weekend will not suffice. "To maintain . . . equilibrium in heart metabolism," Dr. Raab says, "one has to earn it day by day and year by year . . . Our Western, so-called 'normal' hearts . . . are in reality pathetic artifacts, insidiously degenerating products of supercivilized soft living."

A partial remedy for much heart disease, and the preventive for many premature deaths, Dr. Raab believes, is to be seen in thousands of Russian *kurorty*, where workers go for intensive physical training and reconditioning. West Germany has followed suit, with a dozen year-round centers for elderly and sedentary men. Will U.S. men voluntarily hit the shoe-leather trail? Dr. Raab doubts it and fears legislation may be needed to compel them.

### Oldsters' Pied Piper

Orthodox members of the International Association of Gerontology were outraged last week that Rumania's Dr. Anna Aslan, advocate of a discredited rejuvenation treatment (*TIME*, Dec. 21), had been invited to speak at their San Francisco congress. When Dr. Aslan, 63, managed to monopolize local press coverage, the delegates were even angrier.

Dr. Aslan has little command of English, but her paper was translated and read in a heavy accent. Her audience of skeptics could not understand a word. Then she had pictures flashed on the screen showing before-and-after views of her patients. An old man so emaciated that he looked like a death's head appeared later with plump cheeks. Obviously he had been well fed in the meantime, but Dr. Aslan attributed his improvement to her regimen of giving thrice-weekly injections of procaine (better known by one of its trade names, Novocain). The applause for Dr. Aslan was polite but weak.

For a Brooklyn research team, Dr. Leo Gitman reported on a careful scientific study of oldsters, in which one group received procaine injections, and another got exactly the same food and care, but without the procaine injections. The doctor could find no difference that could be unequivocally attributed to the procaine. Dr. Gitman sat down to a long roar of applause.

Then bedlam broke loose. A dozen detractors wanted the floor to attack Dr. Aslan's work and condemn it as quackery. She had one defender, Manhattan's Dr. Osias Leon Friedman, who insisted disdainfully that the Brooklyn doctors had not been using the right kind of procaine. Dr. Gitman retorted angrily that before they began their test, his research team had tried to buy the drug from Dr. Aslan herself, to be sure it was the same material, and she had turned them down cold.

Snorted Dr. Nathan Shock of the U.S. National Institutes of Health: "If these claims for procaine were true, you'd be adding ten years to your life every time your dentist fills a tooth. This woman is the Pied Piper of 1960, leading the aged instead of the young."

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# RELIGION

## Bell, Book & Candle

At first the invisible, uninvited guest was a minor nuisance. Every so often it seemed to amuse itself by bouncing a ball down the stairs. Then the ball began to thud like a sack of potatoes. Empty rooms echoed with eerie cries for help. But what made it all intolerable was when the ghost sat down with the family before the television set and amused itself by brushing clammy hands across unsuspecting faces.

More than a little frightened as well as fed up, after six months of such goings on, an unemployed British laborer named George Leek took his troubles to his church. The Rev. Clement White, vicar of St. John the Evangelist Church in Percy Main, Northumberland, was sympathetic but hesitant. Ghosts these days seem to be plaguing Britain's Anglican parishioners in greater numbers than at any time since possessed souls were burnt at the stake centuries ago. The demand for exorcism has become so prevalent that churchmen are seriously concerned. Only last month, the House of Laity (which, along with the House of Bishops and the House of Clergy, makes up The National Assembly of the Church of England) requested vicars and curates to refrain from exorcism without the express consent of their bishops.

**Psychiatrists & Priests.** Although he sponsored the motion to control exorcism, Prime Minister Macmillan's barrister brother Arthur, 70, hastened to explain that he still believes the rites are necessary. "Exorcism," he declared, "is part of our Lord's commission to his church." Not all of Arthur Macmillan's fellow laymen agreed. "The whole subject of evil spirits wandering about this world is un-Christian and almost getting near to witchcraft," said a retired physician named Dr. Edward Cordeaux. Others felt that "possession" was a matter for psychiatrists. The Rev. Henry Cooper, chaplain to the Guild of St. Raphael, argued that the more successful exorcists are men who know something about psychiatry and work well with doctors. They resort to bell, book and candle only when psychiatrists have given up.

"Of course," chimed in the Rev. Pearce Higgins, vicar of Putney and vice chairman of the Church Fellowship for Psychical Studies, "the spirit is not a little fellow with horns and a tail. But if the human spirit is immortal—the basis of Christian teaching—why should not some spirits feel lost after death and come to inhabit another body?" In any case, he went on, "an evil—or, as I prefer to call it, 'low-grade'—spirit should always be prayed for with great compassion." Vicar Higgins' genteel formula for exorcism: "Depart into the realm of light instead of into outer darkness, from which the pathway of return is long and painful."

**Too Much Television.** Nobody knows how many such gentle, freelance exorcisms have been performed since haunting



GEORGE LEEK & SON  
Sounds without substance.

spirits began to harass the British clergy. In the past, many clergymen did not bother to ask permission of their bishops. Said one: "I see no point in it. The Bishop would have to go on evidence I gave him anyway." Vicar White, called in by Leek, has not yet decided whether to face the ghost or consult his bishop.

Mulling the problem last week, Vicar White expounded: "The family has a problem, and it would be unfair to take it too lightly. It might be possible to give the house a blessing or even resort to exorcism. There is a set procedure for the church in matters of this kind—you could



VICAR HIGGINS  
Spirits without horns.

call it bell, book and candle—though the most important contribution would be prayer. I may be able to help them." Until he does, the Leeks may become the only family in Christendom who cannot get enough of TV westerns. Their ghost subsidies while noisy shoot-'em-ups are on.

## Religion & Politics

Nobel Prize-winning Novelist Albert Camus, with his Frenchman's taste for the epigrammatically provocative, once wrote: "A government, by definition, has no conscience." With this as his text, Associate Professor of Religion Warren B. Martin of Cornell College (Iowa) examines Presidents and their religions in the Protestant weekly, the *Christian Century*. He comes to an odd conclusion. Because a U.S. President must be tough, shrewd, and even ruthless to be effective, writes Professor Martin, his church affiliation is unimportant only so long as he is "predictably nominal in his faith." Religion, he adds, only "becomes a relevant and divisive issue whenever the candidate shows himself to be devout in his faith."

A U.S. President, according to Professor Martin, "must greet and support men and governments that flagrantly violate Christian and democratic principles." He must use coercion in the interest of order. "participate in the dissemination of propaganda that is at best only partially true and is, moreover, the stuff that feeds suspicion and hate." He must also be tolerant, and "faith loses force as tolerance grows." Concludes Martin: "It follows that a determined Christian would be a weak President and that a strong President must be (and historically has been) a weak Christian."

To defend this thesis Martin digs into history, suggests that "strong" Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, Theodore and Franklin D. Roosevelt were all only nominal Christians. Even Lincoln, says Martin, was a practical politician who "drew a line of separation between his personal ethics and the ethics of responsibility."

Professor Martin does not say how his thesis would apply in the cases of France's President Charles de Gaulle and Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, both of whom are notably devout Christians, and notably not weak leaders. The editors of *Christian Century* felt bound to offer a rebuttal of their own contributor. "We sympathize with [Martin's] respect for competence in politics," they wrote, "but cannot accept his implication that vital faith necessarily constitutes an insuperable obstacle to such competence." The editors insist that though Lincoln was not a churchgoer, he was a devout Christian who "humbly subjected all his judgments and decisions to the will of God." A President's religion, continues the editorial, is very much an issue, since it will guide his

\* Said Lincoln in 1862: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. . . . What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union."

actions and form his convictions. But, says the *Century*, the issue is weakened in the 1960 campaign because neither candidate has strong religious ties. "Mr. Nixon is a Quaker who works at Quakerism so little that he could be a naval officer in World War II. Mr. Kennedy is a Catholic who has repudiated so many of the official positions of his church that he has been attacked repeatedly in the Catholic press."

A transatlantic view of Kennedy's religious conviction appeared recently in Britain's weekly *Spectator*. Tory M.P. Christopher Hollis, Roman Catholic son of an Anglican bishop, and an editor of the British Catholic weekly *Tablet*, wrote that he had known the Kennedy family since Father Joe was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. As a close friend of Jack's late sister Kathleen, Hollis had ample opportunity to observe the Kennedy youngsters as they grew up. "Their father had an attitude toward religion that is not

Hollis has heard it said that Jack Kennedy avoids the company of clerics for political reasons. Nonsense, says Hollis. "The implication that if he were not a political candidate Senator Kennedy would spend his time talking to priests and nuns is far from the truth. They would have little language in common, and he would find it difficult to know what to say to them. . . . I say this in no derogation to Senator Kennedy, but the image that has been presented of him to the world as a deeply instructed, fanatically obedient Catholic is richly comic."

### Question of Money

When Federico Cardinal Tedeschini, archbishop of St. Peter's and longtime friend of Pope Pius XII died last year, he left his entire estate (more than \$25,000) to his nephews. "No one criticized him for this," said a Vatican official; but the official spoke too soon. Last week Italian Catholic magazines, bent on under-scoring every priest's debt to his church—even in death—stirred up a ticklish controversy.

"Every Christian has an obligation to contribute to pious works," said *Palestra del Cristo*, fortnightly published for priests in Rovigo, near Venice. "For the clergy this contribution is tantamount to a restitution, because no priest can ever say: 'I received nothing from the church, ignoring the fact that the seminary educated him, the church conferred priesthood on him and the hierarchy entrusted him with an apostolate. Furthermore, the practice of the virtue of poverty, enjoined on every priest, demands personal detachment from all worldly possessions, both in life and more so, in death.'" Other publications were more blunt. Complained the Jesuit monthly *Miles Christi*: "When priests draw their wills, 95% of their possessions end up in greedy relatives' hands, and the church is completely forgotten." Priests always call on others to contribute to the church, but have little themselves to contribute in life and nothing at all in death.

Because "wills are often impugned by surviving relatives," *Palestra* enjoined Italian priests to write their bequests with care suggested that wills be drawn early in life ("even young priests have some property") and published lawyerproof samples. The magazine also cautioned priests against leaving annuities to female servants, a practice that could spur "scandalous" interpretations. But chances are that most Italian clerics, indebted to their families for their education, will ignore *Palestra* & Co., continue to leave to their families whatever they can save from their state-supplied \$50-a-month stipend.

*Miles Christi* might have rejoiced at the example of Mother Mary Katharine Drexel of the Philadelphia Drexels, founder (in 1861) of the first superior general of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People, who gave that order her income from a \$24 million trust that she and two sisters collected from her father, banker Francis Augustus Drexel, and in her will left the sisters her personal estate: \$35,000. She died in 1905.



Author Hollis.  
An image richly comic.

very uncommon among Irish Americans, who have risen from humble origins to wealth," remembers Hollis. "Since Catholicism is the family religion, it is a matter of honour to maintain the practice of it. On the other hand it is also necessary to learn to rub shoulders with other people who are for the most part not Catholics. Therefore such a father ships his children off punctually to Mass on Sunday, but, in spite of the advice of the hierarchy, he sends them to non-Catholic schools." Such a family may send its daughters to parochial schools, but not its sons (Jack Kennedy spent one year at Canterbury, a Catholic boarding school, got most of his education at Choate and Harvard)."

*See example of nonparochial schooling: James Francis Cardinal McIntire of Los Angeles, who attended New York's municipally owned City College and Columbia University.*

## Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. R. J. Meigs

6'4½" R. Jonathan Meigs of Chestnut Hill, Mass., is a recent graduate of the University of Virginia who drove a Rambler station wagon on a seven week, 13,000 mile tour of 25 states and Mexico. He found the Rambler front seat "unbelievably comfortable" even for a man of his stature. His report:

### "13,000 MILES IN 7 WEEKS...NEVER TIRED"

"I experienced all kinds of weather and road conditions yet the car is still 'tight as a drum.' I never got tired driving the Rambler. With my former car, I always used to get a headache during long drives. I am convinced that Rambler is the only car on the road and refuse to drive my former car which we are turning in shortly for another Rambler."

Now see the quality compact car with the best of both: big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease. Lots of stretch-out room for six 6-footers. Easy to turn, park, single-unit construction. Deep-Dip rust-proofing. Lowest first cost, top gas mileage, proved resale value. Go Rambler... 6 or V-8.



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# SHOW BUSINESS

## HOLLYWOOD

### No Butts

The latest intramural gasser in Hollywood, as reported in *Variety*: Two goats are grazing on a studio lot. One of them eats a can of film.

"How did you like it?" asks the other. First goat: "I liked the book better."

## NIGHTCLUBS

### Banjos on the Bay

Although some San Franciscans are so set in their ways that they still play dominoes, San Francisco claims to have nurtured more contemporary trends than any other U.S. city. The Bach-toned jazz of Dave Brubeck first took flight there about a decade ago. The mordant political satire of Comedian Mort Sahl found its first audience 6½ years ago at San Francisco's hungry I. And the beats were nowhere until they settled down in San Francisco pads.

Now it is "banjo bars." The movement began two years ago in a lipstick-colored room called the Red Garter. This year the sound of strumming has spread throughout the Bay Area (one banjo bar has already opened in Los Angeles, and no other U.S. city can feel absolutely safe). Despite names like the Honey Bucket and the Purple Girdle, Greater San Francisco's six banjo bars are respectable, all-beer niteries with red-checked tablecloths. Says one waiter: "We'll match college degrees with any bar in town."

The bandstand may support a rickety-tick piano, a musical saw, or a tuba—but it is the multiple banjos that reign. The crowds, like the proprietors, are mainly collegiate, and they sing along enthusiastically while the banjos plunk out the im-

memorially cubic rhythms of *Hold That Tiger!* or *Sweet Georgia Brown*. The whole wholesome atmosphere is enough to make the massed inhabitants of the beatnik colony at Sausalito slouch toward the sea like lemmings.

## THE MOVIES

### Gang Girl

On Manhattan's Upper West Side last week two gangs met in a bloodless rumble. As shooting began on the \$5,000,000 film version of *West Side Story*, the principal street fighters were Hollywood dancers with heavy makeup and bleached hair; but a more genuine group stood by with scornful interest. Wearing checked trousers and colored shirts which by their own description, gave them a "continental Ivy League" look, far more authentic than the dated T-shirts and Levi's of the dancers, the onlookers could claim to be competent critics. On hand as extras—they were members of the Massadors Division of the Sportsmen, storm troopers from Manhattan's legions of delinquency. And with them—carrying a clip board and wearing striped tuxedo pants, white-flower earrings and gold sandals—was the woman who had rounded them up.

**Half & Half.** At 40, Sally Perle is an independent casting agent, a supplier of all types of extras and bit players for films made in the New York area—and the only specialist in gangs. Part casting director and part actor's agent, she is a professional hybrid. In the old Hollywood days, Central Casting did most of it. But now that more and more movies are filmed on location, there is room for the likes of Sally.

"You have to run a Woolworth's-type business—sell in quantity," she says.



SALLY PERLE & FRIENDS  
Muggers by the hour.

Sometimes hiring as many as 500 actors a day, she signs their checks each night, calls up her next-day's list, one by one in telephone jags that leave her hoarse and often keep her awake until 4 a.m. (Her clients, who need the money, don't mind if she wakes them.) In her file of 5,000 aspiring actors, Sally can find almost any type that walks and a few that crawl—and if she can't turn up a fake McCoy, she goes out and finds a real one.

When Elia Kazan called Sally one 4:30 a.m. and casually requested 250 "chaste teen-agers," she soon had a string of buses rolling toward Manhattan from a Catholic girls' school in Trenton, N.J. "I want a dozen brunettes," said Kazan another time. "And I want each one of them to be so luscious that without saying a word, you just know that . . ." She was also ready with blondes when Kazan changed his mind.

"I Warned Him," Sally began specializing in gangs in 1956 while casting *A Face in the Crowd*, made contact through her son, who was then in high school. Signing up more duck-tailed mercenaries for *The Last Angry Man*, she took six toughs along with her as she prowled the streets with cash in hand to pay off others. The boys liked her, soon introduced her to the epicenter of gangland, a sort of Joint Chiefs of Staff. From Puerto Ricans to Sicilians, punks to finks, the Joint Chiefs have since taken care of the exact requirements of any screenplay being cast by Sally Perle.

The Massadors Division of the Sportsmen, who operate out of the Lower East Side when they are not mugging for the cameras, are particularly proud of 18-



STRUMMERS & HUMMERS IN "THE RED GARTER"  
Squaring off against the beats.

Philly, Pa.



## WHY SHOULD A BUSINESSMAN BE TAXED TO SUPPORT GOVERNMENT COMPETITION AGAINST HIMSELF?



Some strange paradoxes crop up, at times, in the American scene.

We are scrupulous, as a nation, to safeguard the rights of the individual in court . . . his right to worship without interference . . . his right to speak freely and openly on any issue.

We have federal laws and regulations to protect him against unfair competition in his efforts to make a living . . . unfair competition, that is, *except that from the federal government itself.*

Take, for example, the matter of the government's producing and selling electric power in the open market. Because federal power systems pay no federal income taxes, and little or no taxes to state and local governments, they can undersell the independent electric companies which do produce taxes. *In fact, the very taxes provided by the independent electric companies and their customers are used in part to help finance this unfair competition.*

Now the proponents of federal "public power" are pressing for billions more to build additional federal power plants, although the independent electric companies are ready and able to supply all the power the nation can conceivably need. And this on top of more than \$5,000,000,000 of taxpayers' money already spent on such government installations.

How can this go on? Simply because the public doesn't know about it.

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LONDON CLUB MEMBERS & PAID GUEST  
into her own at home.

year-old Richard Velez, who got to Hollywood with Sally's help, made \$2,100 in six weeks, came home with a contract, and rejoined the ranks on the *West Side Story* set wearing a Sunset Strip sports jacket, slacks (the boys call them "vines") and wrap-around sunglasses ("shades").

For some of Sally's boys, luck runs the other way. Once, when she tried to recruit one Massador, she was told he had been killed. Sally asked what had happened. "Well," came the answer matter-of-factly, "he went out of his territory. He wanted to go to this party in Brooklyn. I warned him . . ."

## PUBS & CLUBS

### Bare Market

If Lady Godiva had cantered through Soho last week, she would have been too late. A stripper on horseback has already been signed to work London's "Naughty Mile." The district heaves with a surfeit of female flesh. After years of popularity abroad, the English nude has at last come into her own at home.

What held the British back for so many years was a sort of inverse-Galatea law which insisted that nightclub nudes stand like statues and never come to life. The law is still in force, but the strip joints are run as private clubs. Collectively, the clubs—some 150 in all, employing nearly a thousand girls—have swiftly acquired at least 500,000 card-carrying members (at 1 guinea or \$2.40 for life membership). One club, reported the *Spectator* last week, includes among its members "ten M.P.s, eight millionaires, more than 60 knights, 13 peers, and enough businessmen and captains of industry to drain dry the Stock Exchange and the Savoy Grill."

**Tossels & Snakes.** The tonier places present lavish shows that are far more suggestive than anything legally staged in

the U.S., more intimate and lively than Paris' Lido. Audiences sit in respectful silence as side-stage pianos strike Westminster-sized chords, lights evanesce, and wardrobes migrate to the floor (seldom, even in the lower-class establishments, is the air besmirched with pleas to "tyke it awf").

Skilled secretaries drawing \$28 a week become unskilled strippers at \$42 to start, make as much as \$300 weekly after acquiring such special skills as tassel twirling and snake charming.

**Fluffles & Belts.** More exotic appetites are fed with flagellation (at the Raymond Revuebar, a fierce buccaneer regularly whips a featured nude) and deviation (the star of one act at Freddy's Peeporama is billed as "Mr. Fifty-Fifty"). But most members prefer their artistry straightforward. Last week Fluffles the Tassler and Countess Carolyn von Sirowitz (the names change quickly) made members forget such recently faded princesses as Peaches Page and Melodic Bubbles. And all across London, clubmen were impatiently awaiting the promised arrival of Bonnie Bell the Ding-Dong Girl, whose entire wardrobe consists of three bells.

London police, themselves known as "peelers" 100 years ago,<sup>6</sup> are keeping an absorbed eye on the clubs, earnestly looking for violations of the law. But as the law works now, managers need only register their clubs with a clerk who has no authority to refuse them the right to operate. Aware of a lot of outcry at Soho's seamy skin mills, Home Secretary R. A. Butler has proposed a new licensing bill that may put the strippers out of business. Meanwhile, the clubs go on grossing nearly \$6,000,000 a year. The bare market has never been so bullish.

<sup>6</sup> After Sir Robert Peel, who created the police force, is otherwise remembered in the name bulldog.

# What really creates prosperity?

Let's be realistic.

More wages don't create prosperity. Actually, *unearned* wages create an unsound economy.

What is true prosperity? The increase of material wealth.

What basically creates wealth? Not education, culture, social agencies, government. They help spread it, help you enjoy it, use it, control it.

Basically, *industry* creates wealth: by creating more goods for everyone; by keeping costs (of communication equipment, for instance) within reach through mass production; by making more jobs for more and more people. Remember—most of us derive our incomes directly or indirectly from industry and business.

Let's be realistic: if you work *with* industry—against unsound money, foreign competition, idle waste of manpower—you are helping create prosperity.

## REPUBLIC STEEL

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# BUSINESS



## STATE OF BUSINESS

### A Gentle Push

In a move to give the U.S. economy a gentle push, the Federal Reserve Board last week took three steps to ease credit and encourage business expansion by making money cheaper and more plentiful. The three:

1. The Federal Reserve discount rate was lowered  $\frac{1}{4}$ % for the second time within three months, bringing it down to  $\frac{3}{4}$ %, lowest rate since May of last year.

2. The reserve requirement of central reserve city banks, now 18% of their net demand deposit obligations, will be lowered to 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ % on Sept. 1 as a step toward complying with last year's congressional act that all central reserve city and reserve city rates must be identical by July 28, 1962. Last week's action narrows the gap to a percentage point.

3. "Country banks"—those not in central reserve and reserve cities—can count as part of their reserve requirements any vault cash they have in excess of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ % of their net demand deposits. Present rate: 4%. Reserve city and central reserve city banks can use all vault cash over 1% of net demand deposits, v. the current 2%, in meeting reserve requirements.

The change in reserve requirements will enable banks to create some \$3.6 billion in new credit, a move partly designed to

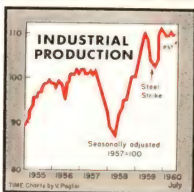
meet seasonal demands, e.g., farmers borrowing for fall harvesting, merchants stocking up for fall and Christmas. The reserve changes and the lowering of the discount rate, taken together in the long run, should bolster the whole economy.

In the past, the FRB has often been accused of coming in with too little a push too late. In the 1957 recession, many businessmen felt the FRB eased credit after the damage was done. This year, with the economy perking along at a steady but unexciting pace, the FRB has been criticized for reining credit too tightly. While industrial production is affected by factors other than the discount rate, there is a notable correlation between the two (see charts). When credit tightens and the discount rate is increased, production tends to level off or diminish; after credit eases, production tends to rise because more and cheaper money encourages businessmen to expand.

Inevitably, in an election year, there were Democratic cries that the FRB was playing politics, though over the years the FRB's record is notably nonpartisan.

The biggest effects of the FRB's actions are not likely to be felt for some time. Bankers hope that the 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ % prime rate of U.S. banks—the interest charged the biggest borrowers with the best credit—will not drop too soon. "Any bank in Dallas probably could lend twice as much money as it has available to lend," said a Dallas bank officer, "and the Fed's action won't change this situation." Most big-city banks have some 60% or more of their deposits out in loans, close to the highest deposit-loan ratio in history. They do not want it to go any higher until credit eases considerably.

Though long-term interest rates may resist the FRB's downward tug for some time, volatile short-term rates—the costs of financing shipments and storage of goods—have already eased. Many short-term Government securities are held by foreign investors, and the drop in interest rates may encourage them to seek higher rates elsewhere in the world, cause a drain on U.S. gold reserves. The gold



outflow has picked up speed in recent weeks, now totals some \$384 million this year. But this is a healthy improvement over this time last year when the U.S. had lost nearly \$1 billion in gold. Treasury officials are confident that easier credit will not cause much gold trouble.

## AVIATION

### In One Big Gulp

As boss of Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Robert E. Gross, 63, was faced with an unexpected—and huge—financial problem. Lockheed is losing \$24.5 million on its turboprop Electras, half of it spent on correcting the structural flaws that caused two crashes. Because of defense-spending cutbacks, there have been few orders for Lockheed's small JetStar transport, a \$31 million project. Other programs in the works, and the need to cover expenses on some contracts which the Government may disallow, added another \$12 million to Lockheed's losses.

Worried investors sold Lockheed stock so steadily that it dropped from a 1960 high of 32 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Gross could minimize the losses by the usual method of spreading them over several years, or he could do what plane manufacturers had rarely done—write them all off at once. Said Gross: "We decided to take everything at once—and then be off to the races."

## TIME CLOCK

**RED OIL OFFENSIVE** is being fought by Western companies. In Middle East Export Ltd., affiliate of Standard Oil (New Jersey), cut crude-oil prices between 4¢ and 14¢ per bbl. In India three companies—Caltex, Burmah-Shell and Standard Vacuum—cut crude prices 27¢ per bbl., persuaded Indian government to turn down a Red offer for cheap crude. But in Pakistan Reds won a round by getting government to allow Soviet to prospect for oil.

**BALANCE OF PAYMENTS** deficit continues to shrink, thanks to U.S. exports, which are running more than \$3 billion ahead of imports this year. Pay-

ments deficit for first half is running \$3 billion a year v. last year's record \$4.2 billion deficit.

**RAILROAD SETTLEMENT** calling for a 10¢-an-hour wage-and-benefit increase for 550,000 nonoperating railroad workers is expected this week after 14 months of on-and-off negotiations between unions and railroads. Wage increase amounts to 2%, will ensure labor peace on railroads for rest of year.

**AUTO-TIRE PRICE HIKE** is expected as a result of United Rubber Workers' new contract calling for average 10¢-per-hour pay boosts. Wage

increase will jack up production costs \$10 million, claim tiremakers, already caught in profit squeeze.

**WHOLESALE SALES** for the first half of 1960 jumped 2% over the same period last year, to \$63.1 billion, including \$26.7 billion in durable goods.

**ALUMINUM CANS** will hold some 20% of frozen citrus juice container market this season. Last year only 200 million were used in 1.7 billion-can citrus packaging industry, but switch is coming because aluminum cans weigh one-third less than tin cans, reduce shipping costs, chill and thaw in one-half the time and are easier to open.

Intuitively, I thought the quicker we did this the better."

**Biggest Loss in History.** The cost was enormous. Last week Gross announced that Lockheed wrote off losses of \$67,509,000 in the first half. When charged against first-half earnings, the write-off left Lockheed with a six-month net loss of \$55,409,000, biggest in the aircraft industry's history. But by writing off "all our present, past and future losses," Gross hopes to speed Lockheed's profit recovery.<sup>9</sup> For the past six weeks, Lockheed has been operating profitably, hopes to cut its overall loss to \$45 million by year's end. With a tax rebate and an estimated \$10 million in earnings over the next 18 months, Lockheed expects to wipe out the loss completely, be on a moneymaking basis by the end of 1961.

To many a company such sweeping write-offs would be fatal, would send the

for example, Lockheed's Agena-Discoverer satellite produced a space "first" when its nose cone was recovered after being placed in orbit (see SCIENCE). Lockheed is the prime contractor for the orbiting Midas satellite, which is equipped with infra-red sensors to detect the heat of ballistic missiles and send a warning back to earth. It is also working on the Samos global surveillance system. Along with the Martin Co., Lockheed was chosen fortnight ago to study the feasibility of a nuclear rocket, a development that Gross believes will "bring the next great technological breakthrough."

At week's end, with all the bad news out, Lockheed stock had moved up 2½ points to 24. Bob Gross flew off to Europe for a bit of vacation and some calls on NATO nations who are interested in Lockheed's F-104 fighters. All told, U.S. allies will spend \$2.3 billion for Starfighters over the next five years, of which some \$608 million will go to Lockheed.

## MANAGEMENT

### Payola at Chrysler (Contd.)

The troubles of the harassed Chrysler Corp.—which burst into public view with the forced resignation of President William C. Newberg for profiting from suppliers' sales to Chrysler—showed no sign of letting up. Last week Chrysler reluctantly admitted—ten days after the fact—that another Chrysler employee, John E. Ruedisueli, a purchasing agent, had been fired for a "violation of company purchasing policies." After Newberg's ousting, company lawyers and accountants began an investigation of other Chrysler executives. Presumably more firings are to come.

For some stockholders, Chrysler's management was not moving fast enough. Three of them filed suit last week asking that Chrysler, ninth largest U.S. company, be placed in receivership. The three stockholders: Chief Chrysler Critic Sol Dann, a Detroit lawyer, Samuel S. Schwartzberg, a New York Chrysler stockholder, and Detroit Attorney Karl S. Horvath, a former production manager of Chrysler's Twinsburg, Ohio plant. Charging "gross and unconscionable mismanagement" and "fraudulent practices dating back to 1940," the suit—third to be filed by Chrysler stockholders in the past month—charges three top Chrysler officials with improper dealings with suppliers.

¶ Chairman Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert is charged with helping Budd Co. get tie orders in 1957 and 1960 on a time-and-material cost basis, which the complaint terms "unheard of" in the auto industry.

¶ Engineering Vice President Paul C. Ackerman is charged with acquiring interests in Creative Products, Inc., which supplies sample bodies to Chrysler.

¶ Auto Manufacturing Vice President Rinehardt S. Bright is charged with accepting a gift of 13,000 shares of C. M. Hall Lamp Co. stock for himself and his family shortly after Hall became the exclusive supplier of headlights to Chrysler.

The suit also charges Chrysler's direc-

tors with making "extravagant and wasteful deals," e.g., for the marketing of the Simca French compact, a deal made, say the three stockholders, on "terms so disadvantageous that Chrysler has lost over \$10 million." While swivel chairs spun in the law offices of Chrysler's attorneys, the word from the company's beleaguered executive suites was: "No comment."

## RAILROADS

### A Victory for the C. & O.

The biggest single block of stock (an estimated 25%) in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is held in Swiss bank accounts. In the fight between the New York Central and the Chesapeake & Ohio railroads to gain control of the B. & O. (TIME, July 11), the Swiss-held shares may prove to be the decisive block. Last week the three big Swiss banks that hold the stock



LOCKHEED CHAIRMAN GROSS  
Plain talk about losses.

stock skittering down. But Bob Gross guessed that he could get away with it, timed the announcement to follow the successful launching from a submarine of the Lockheed-manufactured Polaris missile. The Polaris, which accounts for a big share of Lockheed's \$1.1 billion backlog, is also being talked about as a possible NATO weapon because it is so versatile, can be fired as easily from railroad cars or barges as from submarines.

**The Good News Came.** Gross was also counting on other good news. Last week

♦ Federal tax write-offs work this way: a company can charge development and modification costs, and losses in market value of its products, (e.g., airplanes) against current expenses. If the company ends up with a net operating loss, it can claim its loss of profits from the government as a cash refund on its three previous years' back taxes. If this is not enough to cover its losses, it can offset future earnings for up to five years. These write-offs are sometimes the most valuable ingredient in money-losing companies up for sale.



C. & O. PRESIDENT TOUHY  
Sweet talk about dividends.

advised the owners, in a confidential memo, to accept the merger offer of the C. & O. Merger of the C. & O. and the B. & O., said the memo, would "present many real advantages." The banks pointed to the C. & O.'s strong earnings and high common stock dividends (\$4 a year since 1957), noted that the Central's "earnings have fluctuated widely" and "the stock must be considered as speculative."

The recommendation was a major victory for the C. & O. President Walter Touhy, who last month flew to Switzerland, spent nine days pleading his case. Central President Alfred E. Perlman, apparently more confident of victory, made a tactical error: he merely sent his financial vice president, Walter Grant, who spent four days talking to the bankers.

When word of the banks' memo reached Perlman, he hurriedly called a press conference in the Central's staid board room. He announced that he would fly to Switzerland to "correct certain errors."

in the banks' thinking. Perlman, who has been a few steps behind fast-moving Walter Touhy since the merger talks started, may not be able to make up the lost ground. The C. & O. already has an estimated 10% of the B. & O.'s stock pledged to it, is reported to have the promise of another 20% from B. & O. investors in the U.S. If the Swiss go along, the C. & O. will have more than the 51% it needs to control the B. & O., though it needs 80% for a tax-free stock trade.

## FISHING

### Salmon Come Back

As fishermen in hundreds of small boats hauled in one netful after another, the fat, red-flanked fish made the shallow water boil. Working two men in a boat round the clock, the fishermen collected as much as \$1,000 apiece a day. Thus did the salmon come back last week to Alaska's Bristol Bay, one of the richest salmon-fishing grounds in the world,

in the biggest run in the 49th state in twelve years.

**Heartening Prediction.** For Alaska fishermen, who had been hard hit by steadily diminishing runs in recent years, it was almost too good to be true. Some had glumly believed that intensive Japanese deep-sea fishing had ruined the Alaskan salmon runs for good. Others had taken heart from the forecast of a good run by Dr. William F. Royce, director of the University of Washington's Fisheries Re-



DRESSMAKER CHANEL

## High Priestess of High Fashion

### GABRIELLE CHANEL

**A**T the fall fashion shows in Paris, high among clothes that excited the press and buyers the most were those of Gabrielle Chanel. Her colorful, classic "little suits" were once more the high-fashion hit. It was hardly a surprise: for the past 40 years a large share of the history of feminine fashion has been tailored by slim, dark-haired "Coco" (Little Pet) Chanel, 78, the designer's designer who never learned to sew. Her own modest formula for success: "We don't need genius, just a lot of skill and a little taste."

Coco acquired taste when a rich young socialite discovered the pretty, apple-cheeked, orphaned peasant girl in the Auvergne, took her away to share life on his estate and the society of his wealthy friends. She stayed there several years, then set out to try her skill at

hatmaking, opened a shop in Deauville. Her hats sold so well that in 1914 she moved on to Paris. Before long, her customers clamored for "little dresses" to go with Coco's hats.

It was the threshold of the '20s and the new era of uncorseted freedom for women. The simple clothes Coco wanted to make were exactly what women were waiting for. She introduced the tricot sailor frock, the turtle-neck sweater and the pull-over, shortened skirts and heels for comfort, flattened chests to create a lithe, boyish look.

**C**OCCO became a fashion herself. Returning from the Riviera to Paris, her bronzed face launched the suntan vogue. One day she went to the races in a man's trench coat. The next week trench coats were the thing to wear.

By the mid-'20s the orphaned peasant girl was rich, and delighted in her money because, she said, it "rang with the sound of freedom." She wore a \$75,000 string of pearls to enhance her own designs. To achieve dramatic effects she often mixed these with costume jewelry which she introduced to the world of high fashion. Quick tongued and beautiful ("Like a little black swan," said Cocteau; "like a little black bull," said Colette), Coco had one love affair after another, though she never married. One of her most persistent admirers was the Duke of Westminster, who employed three couriers running between London and Paris with their love letters. When he finally proposed, Coco turned him down: "There have been several Duchesses of Westminster. There is only one Chanel."

In 1920 she asked a perfumer to create some scents for her spring showings. He presented her two series, one numbered from 1 to 5, the other 20 to 24. Highly superstitious, Coco said: "I am going to show my collection on the fifth day of the fifth month. I'll choose No. 5." The elegant, evocative odor lingered, and Chanel No. 5 became the world's most famous perfume. Though she sold the perfume subsidiary in 1924 she still gets a royalty on every bottle sold.

**T**HE great virtue of Coco's early (and present) clothes is their straightforward design and use of ordinary fabrics. They can be easily copied cheaply mass-produced. Copied they were, and Coco loved it, refusing to join the cabal of other Paris designers who tried to prevent style piracy. "Thirty years ago," she says proudly, "I went to dinner at Ciro's. I remember counting 23 Chanel dresses in the room. But I was sure of only one: mine. I found that a very pretty compliment."

In 1930, with the war coming on, Coco retired. In 1953, to boost lagging Chanel No. 5 sales, Pierre Wertheimer, owner of the perfumes, asked Coco to resume designing. Since then, she has proved that for all the random fads and seasonal excitements, perhaps the surest touch in fashion is still Chanel's.

She is no innovator for novelty's sake. She devotes her energies to barely noticeable refinements of detail of her suits and dresses. e.g., jackets are shorter this year, a little closer to the body. With scissors hanging from a ribbon around her neck and her four fingers firmly together in a characteristic Coco gesture as she puts a new suit in various places, she may say: "Make a pleat here, an intelligent pleat." One of this year's suits was changed 35 times after being made up before Coco was satisfied.

Such perfectionism comes high: \$700 a suit to a private buyer, almost twice that much to a buyer who wants to copy the model for mass distribution. Even so, the House of Chanel loses money every year on its fashion division, which is carried by the perfume profits. Some 80% of Chanel sales are made abroad, and her clothes have been copied all over the world, right down to a U.S. cotton model retailing for \$10. The secret of fashion is simple, says Coco: "One always begins by making dream dresses. Then one has to take away something. Always to take off, never to add. Some people think luxury is the contrary of being poor. No, it is the contrary of vulgarity."



THE NEWEST LITTLE SUIT



NEW GHIA 6.4-L

Where a man is known by the carriage he keeps.

## AUTOS

### Gone Ghias

search Institute. Royce keeps tab on the number of young salmon moving down the rivers and into the sea and watches the results of test catches throughout the northeast Pacific. Historically, Bristol Bay salmon runs have followed a consistent cycle,\* been smallest in years ending with 0 and 5. But Royce thought this was accidental, based his forecast for a good 1960 run on the scientific grounds of heavy catches in the ocean feeding areas and added an if—if the Japanese did not fish too heavily. Fishermen listened and into Bristol Bay swarmed more than 300 from other Alaskan fishing grounds, swelled the fleet to 625 craft. The canneries flew in 200 additional Eskimos to man extra processing lines.

As Royce predicted, the rush came. At first fishermen were limited by state conservation regulations to fishing only one day a week. Then, as the number of salmon grew, the limits were dropped for fear the spawning grounds might become too crowded. Because the fishermen were prepared with extra help, they hauled in salmon until the canneries could not process any more. In all, some 40 million salmon coursed through Bristol Bay, bound for the clear headwaters of the Kvichak, Nushagak and Ugashik rivers to spawn and die. Nearly 15 million were caught.

**Boosting the Economy.** The salmon had come back for the very reasons cited by Dr. Royce. In addition to a cyclical increase, a big factor was a cut in Japanese deep-sea fishing, which used to decimate the salmon runs before they reached Alaska. Last May the Russians offered to let the Japanese, excluded from their traditional fishing grounds since 1945, return to some of their old areas, if they would restrict their catches. The Japanese agreed. The big 1960 run will greatly help the troubled Alaskan economy. Experts expect this season's catch to be worth \$60 million, second only to the record catch of 1948. The catch will bring the state \$1,380,000 taxes, has given the fishing industry—the state's second largest industry (after construction)—a timely, welcome new lease on life.

\* Alaskan salmon life span is four to five years. Fish are hatched in fresh-water streams, spend two years there, then migrate to open waters of the North Pacific, where they feed and grow. After swimming some 8,000 miles, they return to exact spot of birth.

In the flashy cash-and-carriage world of Hollywood, actors are often known by the cars they keep. The premier model: a Dual-Ghia convertible. Hand assembled in Detroit, with an Italian body and Chrysler motor, the Dual-Ghia cost \$7,500 cash (no trade-ins), and only 117 were made from 1957, when it was introduced, until production was stopped 18 months ago. Frank Sinatra got one of the first Dual-Ghias, and members of his clan, Eddie Fisher and Peter Lawford, were not far behind. But when Sinatra called up to order a fourth for Clansman Sammy Davis Jr., he was turned down. Reason: Detroit's Dual-Motors, which put out the convertible, claim the right to pick and choose their customers.

One would-be buyer from Brooklyn was told he would have to wait because two other Brooklynites had orders in. (He offered to move to Connecticut if that would help.) Financier Alexander Guterman surprisingly got three, but betrayed Dual-Ghia owners everywhere by landing in jail. With status seekers from Beverly Hills to Mount Kisco still clamoring for Dual-Ghias, Dual-Motors last week announced that it will have a new Dual-Ghia hardtop for sale this fall, to be called the "Ghia 6.4-L." Unlike the old car, the new one will be assembled in Italy, exported to the U.S. at the rate of 35 a year. Other new features: air conditioning, a speed near 140 m.p.h.—and a statusmanlike new price: \$15,000.

## LABOR

### Working Their Way

The 21,087-ton Cunard liner *Sylvania* lay alongside Southampton's Ocean Terminal ready to sail for New York. Just before sailing time, 200 members of her 440-man crew walked off the gangplank in a wildcat strike for higher wages. Captain William Law called the passengers together in the tourist lounge. "Do you want to sail?" he asked. Yes, shouted the passengers. "All right," said Captain Law. "I'm woefully short of catering people. Working hours are from 7 in the morning until 9:30 at night. You'll make about \$22 a week. There'll be lots of overtime."

*Sylvania's* passengers quickly volunteered; 65, many of them students off to

In  
10  
seconds  
flat...

Discover  
the  
"closest  
thing  
to a  
second  
shave"



Ten seconds. That's all it takes to rub on Mennen Shave Talc after a shave. And what a difference those ten seconds make. Blemishes and skin irritations disappear. Shaving shine and redness vanish. And as for that last trace of beard—well, it's just as if you had shaved twice. Not even a shadow remains. Nobody sees the talc, either—skin-tone Mennen blends right in. Many men use Mennen Shave Talc twice a day. Right after shaving. And just before dinner. Either time it's the "closest thing to a second shave."



...closest thing to a second shave

tour Canada, were hired as stewards, stewardesses, waiters and kitchen hands. Among them was the Rev. Alan Greene, 70, a master mariner who used to pilot his own Anglican missionary ship along Canada's west coast. As he reported for work, towel over his arm, he quipped: "What a life! From ship's captain to dumb waiter."

Other ships were not so lucky as their crews struck against a settlement already approved by officials of the National Union of Seamen. The agreement provided for a reduction in weekly working hours from 48 to 44 and a minimum monthly pay rise of 50 shillings (\$7). The rebels want a minimum pay rise of £4 (\$11.20) per month. The *Queen Mary* and the Canadian Pacific Co.'s *Empress of Britain* had to cancel their voyages, stranding 3,000 passengers—mostly U.S. tourists. In all, 80 British and Commonwealth ships had to cancel out, and ferry service across the Channel was halted. Three British ships were tied up in the Great Lakes. Cunard and Canadian Pacific set up emergency airlifts to shuttle the stranded passengers to the U.S. and Canada.

## REAL ESTATE

### Down the Mountain

High in the Rocky Mountains, a giant tractor eased a six-room house along a steep, narrow road. As workmen loaded another house onto a huge steel trailer, a foreman shouted to the anxious bystanders. "Don't you worry, folks, the coffee you left behind will be a bit cooler when it gets there, but not a drop will be spilled."

In this way Climax, Colo.—one of the last of the West's oldtime company towns—last week began to leave its perch on the Continental Divide. Within two years, Climax's 206 one-family dwellings and ten apartment houses will be relocated on the

outskirts of Leadville (pop. 4,300), 13 road miles from Climax and 1,264 ft. lower.

For more than 40 years Climax has nestled next to Bartlett Mountain, where the Climax Molybdenum Co. has blasted out the world's largest molybdenum mine. But company-owned towns have gone out of fashion. Explains Mine Superintendent Edwin J. Eisenach: "It used to be the company had to provide housing to get men to take jobs at Climax. Now transportation is good, and people don't want to live right next to the mine anymore. They want a home of their own and they don't want their children to lead a segregated life."

**Dealing in Towns.** The firm that is towing the town away from Climax is John W. Galbreath & Co., headed by lively, slight John Galbreath, 63, who makes a specialty of buying company towns, sprucing them up and selling the houses back to the workers. Since 1941, Galbreath has revitalized and sold 17 company towns, including those of U.S. Steel, Westinghouse Air Brake Co. and Erie Mining Co.

When the Climax Molybdenum Co. started having doubts about its town (dozens of employees had moved away), Galbreath moved in, bought the town of Climax for \$1,500,000 and got ground near Leadville to set up a new community. He is selling the houses, moved from Climax, to former tenants for prices ranging from \$3,700 for a three-room frame house to \$10,000 for a five-room house with garage.

Moving Climax was only one of John Galbreath's ambitious undertakings last week. In Manhattan he is putting up the 41-story Continental Can Co. building; near Toronto he is building Bramalea, a \$500 million "satellite city." He plans to add 500 houses to two towns he built in Minnesota for Reserve Mining Co. employees, is building a new town—Kearney, Ariz.—for employees of the Kennecott Copper Corp. He plans to put up an \$18 million building for the Marine National Exchange Bank in Milwaukee. In all, Galbreath's company does some \$100 million worth of business a year, and Galbreath has become one of the nation's richest real estate men.

**The Simple Way.** Son of an Ohio farmer, Galbreath worked his way through Ohio University, got his start in real estate in Columbus, which is still company headquarters. His chief talent is thinking up simple solutions to complex problems; his first big break came during the Depression. Life insurance and building-and-loan companies in Columbus, swamped with defaulted property, had no cash to redeem \$100 certificates which were being traded as low as \$40. Galbreath organized syndicates of well-heeled property owners to buy up the certificates at the going price, turn them into the companies at \$100 face value as down payments on defaulted property. The syndicate members made handsome profits when the real estate market recovered; the companies got rid



HOUSE BEING TOWED TO LEADVILLE  
Millions for the moving man.

of defaulted property and reclaimed their certificates without having to give up cash; Galbreath pocketed a 5% commission on every sale.

Galbreath likes to do everything himself, always closes major deals in person. He keeps two airplanes and four pilots busy, works at least ten hours a day, seven days a week, likes straight talk. "If you can't say it outright," he snaps if annoyed, "then it's better unsaid."

**Fillies & Pirates.** Galbreath plays just as hard as he works, has sunk more than \$5,000,000 into his hobbies. On his big white-fenced farms outside Columbus and Lexington, Ky. (both are named Darby Dan Farm), he has assembled some of the world's finest thoroughbred breeding stock. He got Ribot, the "Horse of the Decade," from Ribot's Italian owners on a five-year lease for \$1,350,000. He has already set one mark in racing; he paid the world's record price—\$2,000,000—for Swaps, 1955 Kentucky Derby winner, hopes Swaps will sire a champion for him.

In baseball Galbreath is also looking for a champion. He plunked down \$400,000 in 1946 to become a member of a four-man syndicate (another member: Bing Crosby) that bought the ailing Pittsburgh Pirates. Four years later he got control (70%), took over as president and brought in Branch Rickey as general manager. Rickey signed up hundreds of young players, but the cure was slow. In the past decade the Pirates have usually finished way down, and Galbreath tossed in \$1,500,000 to make up losses. This year things are different. At week's end the Pirates were in first place, four games ahead. Galbreath is happy, but not too surprised. That is the way he planned it.



GALBREATH & SWAPS  
Sire for hobby horses.

\* A mineral used for strengthening steel.

**John F. Kennedy writes  
about the National Purpose**



A great debate on National Purpose began in LIFE's issue of May 23. It continued in June—with articles by Archibald MacLeish, Adlai Stevenson, Billy Graham, David Sarnoff, Clinton Rossiter, John W. Gardner, Walter Lippmann and Albert Wohlstetter. It is taken up this week as the Democratic candidate puts his views squarely on the record. Few Americans will care to miss reading them—or the views of G.O.P. Candidate Richard M. Nixon, which are to follow.

**EXCLUSIVELY** in the new issue of

**LIFE**

# So You'd Like to Retire in about 25 Years...

That's fine, we don't blame you. The only problem for most people is—will they be able to? Will they have enough income to enjoy the rest that they've earned?

We can't answer that question for you, of course.

But we do think that even a modest investment program—the regular purchase of good common stocks over a period of years—can be a big part of that answer.

Why?

Because that's what the record shows. Suppose, for instance, that it was the year 1935 when you had decided to start investing toward your retirement in 1960. You had enough insurance for protection, enough savings for emergencies; so you began to put \$1,000 a year into common stocks.

Now we're not sure which stocks we would have suggested then, and we don't want to be accused of picking and choosing by hindsight, either.

So let's say you bought \$1,000 worth of a typical common stock—a composite of the 500 stocks used to make up the well-known Standard & Poor's Composite Index of Common Stocks.

Suppose that you had followed your program faithfully and had bought \$1,000 worth of that typical stock every year on July 1, starting in 1935. Now you are ready to retire. Just where would you stand?

Well, let's look.

In the 25 years through June 30th of this year, you would have invested \$25,000 all told, and you would have bought 1,516 shares of that typical stock.

At mid-year 1960, those 1,516 shares alone would have been worth \$91,748...

But you would have received another \$31,644 in dividends over the years...

And if you reinvested your dividends, after taxes, as you went along you'd own another 1,287 shares of typical stock worth \$77,889.

In other words, you could have retired on June 30th of this year with a grand total of 2,803 shares of typical stock with a market value of \$169,637.\*

And if you continued to receive a 4% return in dividends—around the average for about 9 out of 10 common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange last year—your annual income, before taxes, would be nearly \$7,000—without touching your principal at all!

But what if you had wanted to retire on June 30th of any earlier year? You could have sold out and, counting dividends, you would have had a profit in every year except four—and the most you could have lost even then would have been just about \$700.

Of course, this all happened since 1935.

We can't promise that you'll benefit from the same kind of market movement over the next 20 or 25 years. It might be either more or less advantageous. Similarly we can't promise the same dividends, either.

But we do think on the basis of the record—a record established through good times and bad, through war and peace—that more people should consider what common stocks can contribute to their retirement.

If you'd like our help in setting up an investment program of your own for retirement, just ask.

We'll do all we can to help you select the most suitable stocks currently available, and to make any suggestions that seem in order as time goes by and as security values change.

There's no charge for this service, no obligation.

In the meantime, if you'd like to have an easy-to-read, down-to-earth primer on the fundamentals of investing, we'll be happy to give you a copy of our basic booklet *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business"*.

You can call, come in, or simply write—

Department S-119

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131 offices here and abroad

\*Computations include brokerage fees at prevailing rates and Federal Income Taxes on dividends figured at today's rates for a married man with 2 children, and an average salary over the years of \$8,000.

## MILESTONES

**Marriage Revealed.** Jack Dempsey, 65, former world's heavyweight boxing champion, now a restaurateur and business promoter; and Deanna Pietelli, 38, a Manhattan jewelry store operator; he for the fourth time, she for the second. The place: "In the East" 18 months ago, according to Dempsey, who explained, "It hasn't been any secret. My wife just didn't want any publicity, that's all."

**Divorced.** By Jean Simmons, 31. British-born cinematress recently in *Elmer Gantry*; Stewart Granger, 47. British-born cinematographer; after almost ten years of marriage, one child; in Nogales, Ariz.

**Died.** Sara Delano ("Sally") Roosevelt, 13, daughter of F.D.R.'s only Republican son, Manhattan Investment Broker John; of an intracranial hemorrhage, after a horseback spill one day and a fall while hiking the next day at a girls' camp; near Utica, N.Y.

**Died.** Salvatore Ferragamo, 62, style-setting Italian shoemaker for women and the originator of the wedge heel, platform sole and nylon "invisible shoe," an apprentice cobbler at the age of 9, who eventually came to employ 600 craftsmen in three factories (including a \$175,000, 13th century palace in Florence) hand-producing 60,000 pairs of shoes annually for a well-behaved clientele including Queen Elizabeth II and Greta Garbo; of a heart attack; in Fiumetto, Italy.

**Died.** Laurence Frederick Whittemore, 66, homespun New England booster and industrialist, a onetime Boston & Maine carshop laborer who became president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston from 1946 to 1948, president of the New Haven Railroad for the next 15 months before taking over Brown Co., a New Hampshire paper producer whose profits he quadrupled to \$4,400,000 within three years; of cancer; at Concord, N.H., six miles from his native Pembroke, which his ancestors founded 200 years ago and which he had served as moderator for 25 years.

**Died.** Major General (ret.) Norman Thomas Kirk, 72, Surgeon General of the Army from 1943 to 1947, a skilled orthopedist and administrator, whose 700,000-man World War II Medical Corps helped double the survival rate of battle casualties over World War I; following abdominal surgery; in Washington.

**Died.** Oswald Veblen, 80, leading U.S. geometrician and nephew of Economist Thorstein Veblen, member of the Princeton University faculty from 1905 until 1932, when he joined the new Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, where he was instrumental in selecting the famed research center's original mathematics staff, which included Albert Einstein and John von Neumann; of a heart attack; in Brookline, Me.



**Celanese**

CREATING VALUES  
WITH CHEMISTRY

## CELANESE DOUBLES ACRYLATE CAPACITY TO MEET GROWING MARKET NEEDS

PAMPALA, TEXAS: Celanese has begun a major expansion of its petrochemical plant here. It will provide, by the end of 1960, an annual capacity of 30-million pounds of acrylates.

The market for higher acrylate esters is one of the fastest growing in the chemical field. Sales this year are estimated at 65 million pounds—twice the volume marketed only four years ago.

Acrylates are basic chemical tools useful in building a variety of new and better products. Acrylic coatings, for example, eliminate the need for priming metal surfaces before painting

Acrylic-based floor polishes give clear, scuff-resistant finishes. And these versatile petrochemicals are being increasingly used to improve textiles, plastics, paper, adhesives, and countless other products.

Meeting industry's growing acrylate needs is part of the continuing Celanese program of expansion and diversification in chemicals and plastics. For our technical manual on acrylates, please write to: Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

Celanese®

## BOOKS

### The Era of Non-B

It may be a little late in the history of Western civilization to question the meaning of the word book, but the fact is that many publishers are paying their analysts with profits from the sale of goods that are not books at all. They are, in fact, non-books.

Like "fool," "phony" and "reactionary," the term is arbitrary, part of a category that everyone may populate to suit his own bias. But in general, a book is a contrivance of ink, paper and glue, whose purpose is to instruct, amuse, edify, exalt, infuriate or pander. It may be good or bad, but its author intended it to be good.

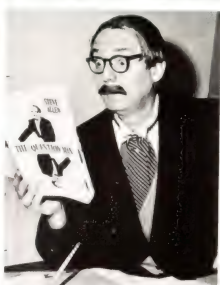
comfortable limbo between spook status and live authorship, and get prominent bylines for their as-told-to confessions of the tabloid famous. But preconfessed bunko is nevertheless bunko. And even expert spirit writing makes all autobiographies sound alike.

Most books thought up by publishers or moviemakers and farmed out to authors. Irving Wallace's *The Chapman Report*, old publishing hands insist, was hatched by Victor Weybright of the New American Library and reads like the hack job it is. Rona Jaffe's soap-slick *The Best of Everything* was written to the specifications of Film Producer Jerry Wald. It is possible to write a non-novel without any

Most anthologies. The paste begins to taste.

All publishers commit non-books, but some do it more than others. One of the most persistent is Bernard Geis, who operates as a kind of non-publisher, distributing his wares through Bennett Cerf's Random House, and setting up shop to promote non-books, including those of backers Art Linkletter (*The Secret World of Kids*) and Groucho Marx (*Groucho and Me*). Says Geis: "I want to do anything that can be done to get the audience back to books." Then he adds, less piously: "I don't care what kind of book it is."

Less splashy but longer established are Mel Evans and George deKay, contractors who dream up non-book ideas, hire authors and editors, and sell the product to publishing houses. The merchandise



NON-AUTHORS ARLENE FRANCIS, SMILEY BLANTON & STEVE ALLEN

A bouillon cube is not a cow.

and wrote it by putting word after word. The non-book is usually not written at all but assembled with the help of scissors or tape recorder or some other mechanical device. The concern of the non-book manufacturer is not that his product be good, merely that it be sold. The non-book is merchandise aimed at the same non-people who are the most frequent targets of the film and TV industries. What they read is new, light, dry, smooth, well-filtered, quick, effortless and contains almost no calories.

Non-books come in several types, most of them easily recognizable.

Any collection of condensed novels, such as those issued by *Reader's Digest*, belonging in this class for the same reason that a beef bouillon cube is a non-cow.

All ghostwritten autobiographies and all collections of ghostwritten speeches. The ghost may be an ectoplasmic Boswell, but his ghosthood robs him of the independence necessary to prove it.

Books by Pete Martin and Gerold Frank. These autobiographers occupy a

lightning from Olympus; Henry Morton Robinson accomplished it this year with *Water of Life*, a book he thought up all by himself as a cynical imitation of Taylor Caldwell. Author Jaffe, on the other hand, has taken a step forward; her new novel, *Aztec from Home* (Simon & Schuster; \$4.50), is not non. It is merely bad.

Self-help and inspirational works. The inspiration trade, which produces some books that give genuine inspiration as well as some of the most enervating and profitable books known to publishing, purveys non-religion in endless series of similarly named volumes, all of them containing at least one poem by Joyce Kilmer. This curious sub-industry reached its perihelion a couple of years ago with Presbyterian Minister Franklin Loehr's *The Power of Prayer on Plants*.

All cute picture and incongruous caption pamphlets of the sort whose vogue began with *The Baby* and *The Frenchman*. These look like books—they have pages and a little print—but they are really guest gifts and hospital offerings,

consists mostly of such night-table cannonballs as *Fateful Moments*, an anthology of traumata from Joan of Arc to Helen Keller, and the *Great Treasury of American Writing*, warmed-over heart warmers compiled by Louis Untermeyer.

Vice President Kenneth Giniger of Prentice-Hall's Hawthorn Books found one of his more successful package series in a succession of picture books showing Bishop Fulton J. Sheen acting out the Mass, touring Rome, and so forth. "It's like doing a movie, and I'm the producer," says Giniger happily, and he is obviously his own best pressagent. He discourages authors and agents. The firm invents most of its subjects, then cuts its risk with businesslike efficiency: it sends out form letters asking prospective customers if they would like to inspect a new book for a 30-day, money-back trial. If enough patrons of literature bite, Giniger commissions a ghost (often British, for lower fee and better prose) to write the book. If not, the idea is killed, polite regrets are issued to the folks.

# MATSON SOUTH SEAS WINTER CRUISES

Leave winter behind...sail into summer on a glorious 42-day Matson South Seas cruise, as *MARIPOSA* sailing Jan. 1 and Feb. 19; as *MONTEREY* sailing Feb. 1...the only all-first-class, completely air-conditioned cruise ships in South Pacific service...the only liners to both Tahiti and Pago Pago—plus New Zealand, Australia, Fiji and Hawaii. Each sailing from San Francisco, the following day from Los Angeles. Fares from \$1125. Time limited?...air/sea combinations available. See your travel agent.

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POLITICS  
will be  
making  
bigger news  
than ever!  
Follow the  
campaign  
news in

TIME



Rich...Moist...  
Mildly Aromatic  
**BOND STREET**  
Pouch-Pak

A partial list of recent non-books:  
*Zsa Zsa Gabor: My Story Written for Me* by Gerold Frank (World: \$2.95). From Hungary to satiety, via Conrad Hilton, George Sanders and Porfirio Rubirosa. If this sentence were not the book's last, it would be fair warning: "Who knows, in this life of ours, what is really true and what is enchanting make-believe?"

*Ustinov's Diplomats* (Geis: \$1.50). Can be read while running a four-minute mile: funny big pictures, mildly funny little text in which Ustinov, in his better moments the most amusing heard since G.B.S., imitates U.N. types. Typical Geis touch: Cineman Kirk Douglas adds an introduction in which he reminds everyone that Ustinov appears with him in the forthcoming movie *Spartacus*.

*The Conformists*, by Jack Wohl (P. S. Books: \$1). Almost no text, pictures or humor: the gimmick is that colored balls, squares and triangles say things to each other. Orange ball to orange lump: "Tell me, Harriet, did you ever think of wearing a circle?"

*The Secrets of Long Life*, by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill (Geis: \$2.95). Longevity statistics that a newspaper could summarize in half a column, padded to book length by some extraordinarily foolish anecdotes and a questionnaire in which the reader can test his chances of living long enough to see publishing get even worse.

*The Healing Power of Poetry*, by Dr. Smiley Blanton (Crowell: \$3.95). The author, perhaps the only positive-thinking psychiatrist in the country, is the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale's trusted associate. Says Dr. Peale: "Actually, this book is but another means by which this kindly doctor loves people into improved health."

*The Prostitute in Literature*, edited by Harold Greenwald and Aaron Kirch (Bantam: 50¢). A paste-up of teasers about such shady ladies as Thais and Fanny Hill, which ends, to the sure stupefaction of all prurient teen-agers, with the night-town episode from *Ulysses*.

*1,000 Inspirational Things*, compiled by Audrey Stone Morris (Hawthorn: \$4.95). This, the Hawthorn brochure announces reverently, is a companion column to *1,000 Beautiful Things* and *1,000 American Things*.

*That Certain Something*, by Arlene Francis (Messner: \$3). Blather about how to be absolutely fascinating, including a chapter called "Charm Begins at Home—and Keeps on Going," another called "Twenty Short Cuts to Charm" (non-authors like to number their nonsense), and a questionnaire called a "Charmometer" which asks such questions as "Do you plan one small thing each day to make your life more pleasant?"

*Once Upon a Dream, a Personal Chat with all Teenagers* (Bobbs-Merrill: \$2.95), by Patti Page. Blather on how to be absolutely fascinating, although young, Singer Page's chapter on early marriage begins, "Please Dear Hearts and Gentle People, not yet—not till you think it over. Do you know the statistics on

## Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

**Fast close.** At 1:50 a.m. (EDT), Thursday, July 14, Wyoming cast 15 votes for Kennedy, making it official. Standing by in New York, Business Week's editors worked fast. It was five hours past normal closing time, but they had



to know Kennedy was the candidate. They had refused to jump the gun. Two lead stories sat side by side in type—one, an analysis of the Democratic platform; the other, a review of Kennedy's attitudes on important business and economic issues. The platform story was sidetracked. A new lead was written for the Kennedy report, and by 5:30 Thursday morning, copies of Business Week's July 16 issue were coming from the bindery. Elapsed time: 8½ hours. Next day, subscribers were reading the first account of the nomination in a national magazine. Better still, they knew the candidate's views on issues important to them.



As the campaign proceeds, Business Week readers are getting just that kind of special coverage. Not what Pat and Jackie are wearing. Not the banners and byplay. Instead, a dispassionate, interpretive account of what is said and done that concerns business, equipping our readers to make informed decisions in business—and at the polls. Editorially, we have no candidate. Just a serious job to do.

**BUSINESS  
WEEK**  
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

You advertise in Business Week when you want to influence management men



adolescent marriages?" There is no advice on how old one should be before attempting a book.

*Selections from the Speeches (1900-1950) of Murray Seagoon* (Knopf; \$4.50), compiled and with a foreword by Agnes Seagoon. Orator Seagoon was mayor of Cincinnati from 1926 to 1930 and seems to have been a fairly fluent afterdinner speaker, but this cannot explain why the doughy firm of Knopf decided to set down his thoughts in Electra type, designed by W. A. Dwigings.

*There's Good News Tonight* (Doubleday; \$3.95) by Gabriel Heatter. The noted radio soothsayer, with some editorial assistance, provides an unnecessary autobiography, which follows the standard matrix for a show-business memoir: Rags Youthful Striving Nervous Breakdown Riches. Philosophy. The last is summed up thus: "Each, in his way, packs his bag and goes on. It's a golden journey, strewn with rocks and jewels. Who would have it any other way?"

*The Question Man* (Geis; \$1.50), by Steve Allen. Another picture book, with a gimmick that grows rather old by the last page: answer first, then incongruous question to fit. Sample: Answer—"Butterfield eight three thousand." Question—"How many hamburgers did Butterfield eat?" There follows a picture of Non-Author Allen looking queasy.

## Kosher Candide

THE STORMY LIFE OF LASIK ROITSCHWANTZ (311 pp.)—Ilya Ehrenburg—Polyglot Library (\$5.95).

Ilya Ehrenburg has spent half a lifetime as court jester to a regime with no sense of humor. In the Communist world few have rivaled Ehrenburg's talent as a journalist-propagandist, but before he donned the chameleon motley of Soviet apologist-in-chief, he had a better story to tell. That story, partly his own, is embedded in an almost unknown novel, unpublished in the Soviet Union, called *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*, which Ehrenburg wrote in 1927 when he had taken a leave of absence from Communist Russia and was living in Paris. Now available in English for the first time, the book shows, despite uneven translation, what a considerable comic talent has been squandered on the gloomy chores of propaganda.

Roitschwantz is a poor Jewish tailor in Homel, a deeply confused little town in Russia during the confusing early years of the Revolution. His only asset is an epic garrulity and a wild Talmudic talent for splitting the wrong hair. His only crime is, he confesses, "the fact that I am alive"—although he explains in a frenzied bout of surrealist logic that he is not exactly responsible for that. Reading his fabulous and farcical misadventures is an experience like being cornered by a compulsive talker whose merciless spate of words first glazes the eye until a thread of rewarding sense emerges from the babble. In this respect, he is unlike the typical Chaplin figure, whose weapon was silence,

but like Chaplin's little fellow, he is a reincarnation of the classic non-hero of Jewish folklore—Peter Schlemiel, the man without a shadow, who is the fated enemy of authority, whether commissar or cop priest or rabbi, and whose talent it is to make a wheezy acrobatic of all top hats.

In tone, the book resembles that comic masterpiece of World War I, *The Good Soldier Schweik*, in form, it is a kind of *Kosher Candide*.

**Pantolon Pilgrim.** After the revolution, the Jews of Homel had obediently shaved their beards and otherwise tried to behave like loyal members of a goddess and classless society. The results were not always happy. One rushed into the synagogue shouting, "Down with that rotten Sabbath! Long live, let us say, Monday!" Some changed their names, but although "it was only a matter of two rubles and the proper enlightenment," Lasik Roits-



AUTHOR EHRENBURG (1936)  
Satire sold for sausage.

schwantz passed up the opportunity of becoming Spartacus Rosaluxemburgsky.

Adopting two saints' names in the hagiography of Marxism\* was his last chance to stay out of trouble. Instead, he sighs the wrong sort of sigh ("a purely pathological phenomenon") before a poster mourning the death of a party bigwig; he is denounced for anti-Semitism mysticism and "morbid eroticism"—being in love. Furthermore, he cannot get the Chinese question fixed in his mind. He is jailed but eventually wangles a job in the Department of Animal Breeding supervising the production of purebred rabbits for the entire district. The pair of rabbits

assigned to Roitschwantz are dead, but by purely theoretical calculations he reports that the rabbit population has reached 260,784. The episode is a high-spirited and hilarious parody of the statistical romanticism of the five-year plans.

Satirist Ehrenburg also leads his pantolon pilgrim to some slapstick swipes at Communist literature of the period. Although all he knew about the subject was that "Leo Tolstoy had a handsome beard just like Karl Marx," the little tailor becomes an "inexorable" Marxist literary critic. As pundit of proletarian literature—which is what Ehrenburg himself became after he ended his Paris stay in 1940 and went home—Lasik writes a preface for a socialist realist novel about rymed in a soap factory ("Dunja yielded to the heat of new life, and whispered, blushing slightly: 'You see, we have surpassed pre-war production figures. Sizzle soap, sizzle!'").

**Biblical Stock Market.** A one-day, Soviet-style marriage with a grim giantess (who loved him only for his living space) causes Lasik's political doom, and he is finally forced to take it on the lam westward, one jump ahead of the secret police. The rest of Lasik's nonstop global pratfall is something of an anticlimax—but not to Lasik himself. In Germany he is delighted to find that "everyone around him spoke Yiddish, though in a slightly imperfect way." In his lunatic vision, the Weimar Republic becomes a memorable cartoon—rather as if George Grosz had been a Disney animator. On a diet of zwieback, Lasik sits in a drugist's window advertising the shocking effects of not drinking cod liver oil: later he underestimates for a circus monkey. Small wonder that when he wants to invoke God he swears "in the name of all that is being ridiculed."

The outrageous odyssey continues in France and Britain, but Author Ehrenburg would have been wise to recognize that satire on those countries is best left to natives. He does better in what the Soviets had taught Roitschwantz to call "that criminal country, Palestine." By now, he is a "miserable leaf chased by a hundred-year-old storm," his "body a passport," a palimpsest of bruises, and he is on his way to his 19th jail. In Palestine he finds a people who "wanted to organize a stock market in a Biblical manner." Jews beat other Jews for smoking on the Sabbath, and he cannot understand the dirty songs in a nightclub because, in a phrase of desperate pathos, "in Hebrew he could only pray."

By this time the reader is ready to pray with him, and to wonder why a man like Ehrenburg, who could swear so eloquently against everything that is ridiculous in sacred Soviet institutions, should have been a willing Communist straight man for the last 30 years. Perhaps the answer lies in Ehrenburg's epitaph for his hero: "Rest in peace, poor Roitschwantz! You will not dream any longer of justice, or of a piece of sausage." Ehrenburg may simply have settled for the piece of sausage.

\* The Communists early adopted Spartacus, leader of the Roman slave uprising in 73 B.C., as one of their own. In the turbulent aftermath of World War I, German Communists were known as Spartacists. Among them was Party Leader Rosa Luxemburg, shot for revolutionary activities by the German republican government in 1919.



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# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**It Started in Naples.** Clark Gable occasionally gets upstaged by a somewhat younger performer, Marietto, 9, in a rowdy, frequently funny Neapolitan holiday also boasting Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica.

**Sons and Lovers.** Director Jack Cardiff and an excellent cast including Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller create a literate, literal translation of the D. H. Lawrence novel about the artist son of a coal-mining father and a carnivorous mother.

**Psycho.** Although more of a stomach-churner than a spine-tangler, Alfred Hitchcock's latest is still a high-grade horror show.

**Elmer Gantry.** In one of his best performances, Burt Lancaster puts the old Sinclair Lewis tent show on the road in a flavorful resurrection of the 1927 novel.

**Bells Are Ringing.** A poor book and so-so score are rescued by lively Comden-Green lyrics and the extraordinary comic art of Judy Holliday, re-creating her Broadway role of the star-crossed, wire-crossed switchboard spinster.

**The Apartment.** Producer-Director Billy Wilder happily combines a cynical commentary on grey-falton suitors with a superb comedy of men's-room humors and watercooler politics.

## TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 17

**Wednesday Night Fights (ABC, 10 p.m. to conclusion).** World Junior Lightweight Champion Flash Elorde, who gained his 130-lb. title last March with a seventh-round knockout of Harold Gomes, puts it back on the line against Gomes in a scheduled 15-rounder at San Francisco.

Thurs., Aug. 18

**Wrangler (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.).** A new adventure series about a Western wanderer who, in the opening saga, rakes in a gambling pot that includes an Indian maid.

**Silents Please (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).** This week's condensed silent classic: *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the 1920 version, with John Barrymore.

Sun., Aug. 21

**College News Conference (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.).** Rear Admiral William Raborn Jr., the Polar pioneer, faces the undergraduates and Moderator Ruth Hays.

**The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9 p.m.).** Out of the usual mixed bag of guests comes Sam Levene reading from the works of Shalom Aleichem.

Mon., Aug. 22

**What Makes Sammy Run (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).** A welcome reprise: the second half of Budd Schulberg's dramatized novel, with Larry Blyden as Sammy Glick, the slum boy who becomes Hollywood's archetypal heel.

Tues., Aug. 23

**The Comedy Spot (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.).** Welcome to Washington, with Claudette Colbert as a freshman Congresswoman with some not so fresh problems.

\* All times E.D.T.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

The summer sun has roasted into oblivion a few shows that the critics missed. Of the more durable musicals, there are **Bye Bye Birdie**, a rousing rock-'n'-roll call for an Elvis-type monster; **Fiorello!**, a more fun-than smoke-filled memoir of New York City's late embattled mayor; and **West Side Story**, Romeo and Juliet in a brilliantly choreographed Manhattan rumble. Among the dramatic works, the midsummer's night cream includes **Toys in the Attic**, Lillian Hellman's corrosive piece concerning a weakling whose old-maid sister depends on his dependence; **The Tenth Man**, ancient Jewish exorcism strikingly put to work on modern neurosis; and **The Miracle Worker**, featuring extraordinary performances by Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft as the young Helen Keller and her teacher.

### Off Broadway

The survivors are headed by **Little Mary Sunshine**, a boffo operetta satirizing the Kern-y, Friml-ous past; **The Balcony**, Jean Genet's world view through a brothel window; **The Connection**, a pad full of hipsters seeking to prove that the opiate of the people is heroin after all; and a skillfully acted double bill of disenchantment: Samuel Beckett's **Krapp's Last Tape**, in which a beaten and lonely ex-writer poignantly and often amusingly grovels in his past, paired with Edward Albee's **Zoo Story**, in which a desperately lonely beatnik attempts the hopeless, tragicomic feat of making human contact with a square. Up in Central Park: the final Festival offering, **The Taming of the Shrew**.

### Straw Hat

**Beverly, Mass.**, North Shore Music Theater: Julia Meade in *The Pajama Game*.  
**Wallingford, Conn.**, Oakdale Musical Theater: *Carousel*, with the original lead, John Raitt, taking another turn.

**Stratford, Conn.**, Twelfth Night, *The Tempest* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

**Westport, Conn.**, Country Playhouse: First U.S. performance of Ugo Betti's *The Burnt Flower Bed*, starring Eric Portman, Signe Hasso and Gloria Vanderbilt.

**Nyack, N.Y.**, Tappan Zee Playhouse: *A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green* ages on.

**Hyde Park, N.Y.**, Playhouse: The premiere of a straight drama by Gore Vidal, *On the March to the Sea*, provides another Civil War role for Albert Dekker.

**East Hampton, L.I.**, John Drew Theater: Dorothy Stickney leads *A Lovely Light*.

**New Hope, Pa.**, Bucks County Playhouse: Ruth Chatterton and Conrad Nagel in *Happy Ending*, now in its ninth year of pre-Broadway testing and rejiggering.

**Philadelphia**, Playhouse in the Park: Kim Hunter in *The Disenchanted*.

**Dallas**, State Fair Musicals: The touring caucus of *Fiorello!*

**Ashland, Ore.**, Richard H. *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Tempest*, and a sleeper, John Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*.

**Stratford, Ont.**, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King John* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**The Ballad of Peckham Rye**, by Muriel Spark. A brief encounter between a London Mephistopheles and the local mediocrity produces a hilarious novel, and some reflections about how even the commonplace can be touched with mystery.

**All Fall Down**, by James Lee Herlihy. A fresh, warm, Salingerian description of a hooky-playing 14-year-old, his ne'er-do-well older brother and their offbeatnik parents.

**Captain Cat**, by Robert Holles. The social rise and moral downfall of a precociously cynical 15-year-old in the British army, told in rich, authentic Teddy talk.

**The Last Temptation of Christ**, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The final novel by the author of *Zorba the Greek* is a searing, soaring, shocking "biography" depicting Jesus less as God than as man, agonizingly torn between flesh and spirit.

**Lament for a City**, by Henry Beattie Hough. An unromantic novel by an aging New England editor, illustrating that the soul of a town is its newspaper and that both can be sold down the Styx.

**The Cheerful Day**, by Nan Fairbrother. A London doctor's wife gracefully comments on bringing up father and two sons.

Plus four remarkably fine first novels: **The Bridge**, by Manfred Gregor, a brisk, bitter account of Nazi teen-age conscripts thrown into the suicidal campaigns of 1945; **Now and at the Hour**, by Robert Cormier, the touching story of how death brings dignity to an obscure factory worker; **To Kill a Mockingbird**, by Harper Lee, an uncommonly well-written tale about the irregular but effective education of the most appealing little Southern girl since Carson McCullers' Frankie; and **The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue**, by Lester Goran, more growing pains but this time those of a less savory hero on the loose in a Pittsburgh slum.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1)\*
2. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (2)
3. **Hawaii**, Michener (3)
4. **The Chapman Report**, Wallace (4)
5. **Water of Life**, Robinson (6)
6. **The View from the Fortieth Floor**, White (5)
7. **The Lovely Ambition**, Chase (7)
8. **The Affair**, Snow (9)
9. **Before You Go**, Weidman (10)
10. **Watcher in the Shadows**, Household

#### NONFICTION

1. **Born Free**, Adamson (3)
2. **How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market**, Darvas (1)
3. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King (2)
4. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (5)
5. **Enjoy, Enjoy!**, Golden (9)
6. **The Conscience of a Conservative**, Goldwater
7. **Felix Frankfurter Reminisces**, Frankfurter with Phillips (6)
8. **The Night They Burned the Mountain**, Dooley (7)
9. **I Kid You Not**, Paar (4)
10. **Mr. Citizen**, Truman (10)

\* Position on last week's list.

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